

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

## NEW SERIES.

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7—478.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1828.

8d.

### THE UNIVERSITIES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

#### No. IV.—THE UNIVERSITY OF VALENCIA. [Description of the Students.]

#### THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

THE principal characteristics of the Spanish youths, who devote themselves to the study of theology, are, mental inactivity, skill in selecting the best road to advancement, and recklessness of the happiness of all human beings but themselves. Their vocation to quit the world seems to profane observers, very like a calculation about the best means of succeeding in it. To induce a son to embrace this most sacred and lucrative profession, is the first wish of a tender parent with a large family. "My son shall not be a cobbler, like his father; shall not have the trouble of earning a livelihood by the sweat of his brow; he shall rise to the distinction of living an idle man; and as the way to accomplish this desirable object, he shall go to the university and study theology."

A quiet phlegmatic walk,—an air without any marked expression, except that it may be dashed with a little professional hypocrisy—limbs awkward and cramped, from want of being developed by manly exercises; eyes modestly fixed on the ground, these are the outward signs of the theological student. When any one, on entering the university, proclaims himself a member of this class, you examine his physiognomy, thinking to discover in him the son of some noble or wealthy citizen—one who has adopted his peculiar appearance and modes of thinking, from having been brought up in a respectable domestic circle, instead of at a public institution, and when time has convinced you they do not proceed from that source, it is not without a rather lively emotion of disgust, that you imagine in him the upstart defender of ancient and cruel abuses, a new Torquemada heaping up a pile for an auto-da-fé, to the regular and solemn melody of an *exurge*.

The theological student delights greatly in the serge gown and the cloak, and never throws them aside, even when he is going to a profane fête. In a country subjected to the double despotism, there is something delightfully imposing in these long training vestments.

When in the middle of November, he journeys to the capital to commence the class, he has for his companion some muleteer, who for a very moderate sum conveys himself and his equipage, a weight, it may be imagined, not very oppressive for the mules, even though there be added thereto the purse which contains all his fortune. Arrived at Valencia, he either betakes himself to some friend or relation, who has promised to provide for him during the course; or he receives a salary from his parents; or he supports himself by the honourable exercise of some trade; or, lastly, he disputes the eleemosynary provision of soup at the convent doors, with the student of medicine.

The theological student rises and retires to rest with the sun. He is always shabbily dressed, and forgets to shave and cut his nails. His chief acquaintances are ecclesiastical gentlemen, who entertain a greater or less reverence for him in proportion as they think him likely to turn out a more or

less efficient recruit in the cause of prejudice, intolerance, and ferocity.

During the constitutional regime, influenced directly or indirectly by their professors, and pensioned by the enemies of the government, they either openly denounced the existing order of things, or showed themselves cold defenders of a liberty, which took away from them all chance of getting their bread without working for it, or else affected a respect for the constitution, which generally betokened an intention to conspire against it on the first convenient opportunity.

\* *Chapelleries, curacies, benefices, prebendal stalls, canonries, bishoprics, archbishoprics*, in one word, all the employments which the wisdom of Spain has set apart for the preservation of the apostolic purity of its religious teachers, hold in expectancy crowds of youthful aspirants of the lowest classes in the state, each of whom rush every year to the university, proclaiming aloud the principle, "Qui non est mecum contra me est," and showing by his conduct to the students of the other professions that he understands it to mean, "He who is not a theological student is the enemy of all students of theology."

Thus feeling, he comes forth, in the fulness of the time, to employ his dexterity in destroying the foundations of moral obligation, in confounding duties to God with duties to Cæsar, and sacred things with profane, being well assured that he has a stronger security for the success of his influence than that dexterity could afford him, in the false zeal of misguided fanatics, in the sword of the civil magistrate, and in the tribunal of the inquisition.

But the good sense of the people of Spain, called forth by a free press, and by the debates in the Cortes, has produced a wonderful abatement in this influence. That unbounded reputation which the priests enjoyed so quietly before the invasion of Napoleon has departed, never to return. It is no answer to these assertions to speak of the two last rebellions in Catalonia—for various peculiar causes, of which it would be inconsistent with the object of our present sketch to give an account, are in operation there; but look at the state of the other provinces; look at the contests which are springing up among the clergy themselves—contests which threaten in a short time to become fierce and bloody; and the truth of the remark we have just made will be abundantly confirmed. But to return.

To gain the cap of a doctor in theology, it is necessary to pronounce a Latin speech of an hour's length, and to argue on the same subject for an hour and a half. The candidate informs the principal beadle of his desire to try for the degree of doctor, in order that he may register his name in the books, and may apprise the rector of his intention. The candidate then asks one of the doctors of the university to do him the favour of being his *padrino*† during the ex-

\* In the year 1797, out of a population of 10,541,221 souls, there were in Spain 168,248 persons in some capacity or other connected with the church. Out of 55,000,000 acres, there are now

Belonging to private individuals 17,599,900;  
— the nobility ..... 28,306,700;  
— in mortmain ..... 9,093,400.

† Corresponding to the father of the college in our English universities.—EDITOR.

ercises which he is about to pass through. This is a favour which the doctor never denies, either because it is an honour to perform the office in question, or because he receives double the gratuity given to the other doctors. On the appointed day, the rector, the chancellor, the *padrino*, the candidate, and the beadle assemble in the hall of the chancery, in order that the candidate may draw a kind of academical *sortes*. For this purpose, he is presented with a knife, with which he opens three several times a book which the chancellor keeps shut in his hands, remarking each time the subjects treated of in each page; then the candidate makes choice of one of these subjects to be the text of his speech, at the same moment placing in the chancellor's hands a sum sufficient to pay the rectors, the doctors, the *padrino*, the beadle, and the university officers concerned in this exhibition. This act finished, the candidate makes a call upon all the doctors, and prays them to be indulgent. This is a visit rather of ceremony than of use, for the only really formidable persons are the three doctors who bring arguments against the unfortunate candidate. With such an instrument as the scholastic logic, they, indeed, have it in their power to tear and torture his faculties!

When the great theatre, (a hall in the centre of the university,) has been opened, and all is prepared, the candidate mounts the chair, and sits down; the "padrino" follows, and sits on his left hand; the rector and the D. D.'s sit round a table, on which there are some books, writing materials, two hour glasses, and a bell, before the rector, who is the president. The hour-glasses having been turned up, the bell rings, whereupon the candidate rises, and prefacing his discourse by making bows and apologies to the audience: he then seats himself again, and delivers his exercise, till at the end of an hour, the bell rings, and he is reduced to silence. It is then that the *godfather* brings his help, in dealing with the syllogisms, which are sometimes of considerable number and complication. The candidates for this degree generally get through pretty well, as they do not aspire to it until after a long course of study. The examination for the degree of bachelor is sought for towards the beginning of the course, and the consequence is, that the candidates learn by rote what is necessary, without much troubling themselves about the meaning. We sometimes hear sounding orations from incipient doctors, who are not likely to be very brilliant rhetoricians in the vulgar tongue.

#### THE LAWYERS.

Unlike the theologians, the legal students are almost uniformly of good birth and fortune. Ease and frankness and self-possession, with an appearance of elegance and luxury, are the usual characteristics of this class.

The law student wears an academical dress of more graceful form, and more expensive material, than the theological disciple; and he generally contrives to diversify it with a variety of rents through which may seen the beauties of his inner and lay garment. The moment his class is dismissed, he strips himself of even this outward and visible sign, and mingles with the most dashing youths of the town. He glitters in all quarters, criticises the ac-

ors at the theatres, loses his money at play in the coffee-houses, dwells in society, and breathes but at the feet of the ladies: and one great curse of his existence is, that his father will not let him travel in foreign countries, nor let him spend as much as he wishes at home.

When he first arrives, he takes up his abode at the best inn, and pays for the best living; and his next proceeding is, to find apartments for himself and his servants, of whom the student of theology is frequently one; and then begins that career to which we have just alluded. Yet among so much apparent idleness and folly, there are also plenteous seeds of good; and this was never shown more clearly than in the late political struggles of Spain. These young men were eager and courageous liberals; and many of them who are now in London amid the obscurity and poverty of exile, were, in 1820, the strenuous and able leaders of popular reform\*.

In Spain every thing is subjected to corporations. No kind of industry can be practised by him who has not been enrolled in a guild; and wherever there is a legal college, no barrister can exercise his profession without having become a member of it. The places of mayor, of judge in the courts of justice, and of counsellor in the different royal councils, are the chief prizes for the ambition of this profession. The faults so commonly attributed to barristers, both in and out of place, are perhaps for the most part referable to the system through which, and the public by which they live. But however this may be, the bar has never attained in Spain to the dignity which it has reached in other countries. Yet her jurists have recently given evidence of talents and knowledge, which would have done honour to any class in any country, and we point to the names of Jovellanos, Argumoso, Arnao, Viegas, Cambronero, and others, as to decisive testimonies of that rich promise which has been so long and constantly repressed by despotism and by the inquisition.

At the middle of June the examination begins; and is conducted by the various professors in different classes. Though not very severe, it is sufficient to frighten the students into industry for a few months beforehand.

#### THE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

We have still to speak of the most singular tribe which frequents the University of Valencia. The medical students are an adventurous and audacious body. They are commonly reported to be wild, fool-hardy, and factious; and the extravagant pranks which they perpetrate, and the broils which they delight in stirring, fully justify the common character of the gentlemen who wear the sable wand.

The medical student is usually without home or stay, or property of any kind, or the slightest pretension either of rank or birth. He is a meagre, yet a vigorous being; accustomed to carry on a continual struggle against hunger, which he never could support but by the utmost endurance, nor elude but by unequalled activity. His neatness of hand, and readiness of wit, the light, buffoon, and versatile tendencies of his whole nature, enable him to extract an uncertain subsistence from the good-nature of the mob, and the weary listlessness of country gentlemen. The habits of life and of thought of these personages, have marked their look and demeanor with a perpetual activity and hungry restlessness, a busy, ready-witted, and observant shrewdness. Utterly careless manners, an irregular gait, set off with perpetual and extravagant gesticulation; a monosyllabic diction, which seems a mere vent for the inward excitement; a gaze as piercing as an eagle's, and a brow as threatening as a lion's, denote to the least attentive observer that he is looking upon a medical student. His equipment includes a hat, which in its time has seen many matriculations; a gown and cassock, relics of the middle age of the university, and which may have been honoured by adorning the youth of an archbishop; shoes of much botching, and little blacking; and stockings that ex-

\* The gentleman to whom we are indebted for this paper is one of the best-informed, the ablest, and the most patriotic of these unfortunate but admirable persons.

hibit, through their manifold variety of holes, a tendon Achillis, which looks as if it had not escaped the Styx.

However, the medical student never is depressed, never ceases to press forward. He endeavours to obtain a place in the house of some canon or rich ecclesiastic. Here he has nothing to dread on the score of food; but he sleeps on a wretched bed with scarcely any covering, in a garret, the whole furniture of which consists in his gown and cassock thrown over a stretched cord, and a *guitarrilla*, or little guitar, hung against the wall. When he is fortunate enough to be thus placed, his time is divided between his university studies and the performance of the most menial offices, such as cleaning the shoes and so forth, for the whole family. In the evening he has the luxury of a walk among the trees, while he assists the venerable priest, who has perhaps paced beneath them for some thirty years.

He who can procure no such desirable situation, shifts for himself in holes and corners as well as he can. In a large town, such as Valencia, he fills a dozen offices. He writes letters for parted lovers; he carries burthens from the coaches; he reduces into one kind of money the sums paid for oil and charcoal, which, according to custom, is sold in another kind. He tells the news, and performs all manner of commissions for the nuns; and this is among his most profitable labours. Those who have voices, go about with the blind to sing serenades, or to celebrate the saints' days. These last solemnities are far too numerous, and the occupation which they afford to the students is very gainful. The supplies obtained by any of these methods, are for the gratification of luxurious and capricious tastes, for viands are daily distributed at the gates of the monasteries. Sometimes however, for reasons with which we are unacquainted, perhaps from liking for the profession, the medical student turns beggar. And such are the various expedients for the winter existence of these embryo Galens.

In summer, as soon as they have finished their session, they begin a new species of existence. They quit the town for the country; and, according to their different means, talents, and accomplishments, they form knots and societies which seek for a common subsistence. They set up, for instance, a band, comprising a little guitar, (the beloved companion of the student,) a Biscayan tambourin, (Pandero,) which supplies the bass; and a timbrel, (Sogajas,) surrounded with bells and jingling bits of tin. The last is a particularly lively and national instrument, and joins in very well with the triangle, which is also used in these orchestras. The concert is sometimes improved by the addition of a violin, a flute, or a clarionet. Every member of the troop has his proper business. Some are singers; some performers on instruments. One is a dancing master, another a juggler, a third is a ventriloquist, and there is never any want of a poet. The bard is perhaps the distinguished individual, to whom is committed the part of *Pito*, the nearest approach to which, in England, is the clown of a pantomime. His business is to amuse every body, while his comrades are otherwise employed; he heads the troop, and cozens the public into giving its money freely. He must have impudence, enterprise, and humour; but the most indispensable of all his attributes, is the talent for seizing occasions and circumstances. When they are quitting the town, the poet takes a formal leave of it. He bids a sentimental adieu to all its remarkable buildings and institutions; to his friends and benefactors; and to that immortal and beloved monastic cauldron, which has furnished him so many dinners, and consoled so many of his internal afflictions. They relate their winter adventures to shorten their summer journey, and now and then turn aside to some spot chosen for its trees and water, eat the provisions of their wallets, and sleep for a time in the cool shadows. When they reach the first of the intended villages, they display themselves in all directions, enter it to the sound of their music, and parade through every part of it. The houses of the Administrator and of the apothecary are filled with the fame of the troop of students, (la estudiantina,) and the clowns and damsels who are engaged to be married, hasten their weddings, (perhaps they only want an excuse,) that they may be honoured by this additional magnificence. Next morning, the youths show themselves at mass; and get surrounded by an eager throng. Under the auspices of the wife of the administrator, and in her house they make a theatre with a few boards and bed-curtains, and play the Drubbing of the Doctor\*; and the blows are an infinite delight to the audience. They play, when necessary, with abundance of noise and energy; and close the entertainments with a *fundango*, or *bolero*. The next morning they carry off the profits, and leave the tenderest farewells.

If in any village it does not suit them to set up a theatre, they try to reap their harvest by other means. The music is a perpetual resource; and those who are not musicians, tell stories; ask puzzling questions, which they at last answer themselves; and exhibit tricks of sleight-of-hand. But that which most astonishes and awes the country people, is a scene prepared by the ventriloquist, in which he avails himself of the popular superstition as to notaries. It is of course the bad esteem in which notaries are held in Spain, that has given rise to the vulgar belief of its being impossible for them to be saved. In almost every village, one is told a tale of the illness, death, and visible damnation of some notary who has lived there not long before; and this, with the moral that it is the trade of these personages to plunder and cheat, and that this one in particular never would repent. Going upon these very sufficient data, the ventriloquist student brings back the notary to life, and makes him speak audibly. The universal locks of the village stand on end. The peasants remain fixed in horror, with their mouths wide open; the children are too much frightened to cry, and press closer to their mothers, who are themselves ready to swoon; and, at last, the student puts out the candle, introduces the damned soul of the notary into the room, and makes it known to the company. Now is the crisis. Every body begins to scream; but the ventriloquist pretends that he cannot find any thing to light the candle with, and in the mean time carries on his dispute with the soul of the notary. Till, when light is brought, they begin to laugh at the mode in which the terror of each had shown itself: but the damnation and resurrection of the notary remains for ever the constant and undoubted tradition of the village.

They also, on occasion, become the quack-doctors of the hamlet; and propound their panaceas for tooth-ache and chilblains, with all the gravity which befits their solemn office. At Cadiz, Barcelona, and Madrid, there are medical colleges of real utility and respectability. All the Spanish physicians of any eminence belong to these establishments. The professors are well-informed men who have travelled abroad. And the whole spirit and character of these institutions is as different as possible from that which we have just been describing.

#### NEW BOOKS.

##### THE BRIDE.

*The Bride; a Drama, in Three Acts.* By JOANNA BAILLIE. 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1828. Colburn.

The literary history of Miss Baillie is one continued exhibition of great natural genius cramped and distorted by bad judgment. It cannot be surprising to us, that she, who in earlier life entertained of human nature the opinion that the passions lay sorted and packed up in the heart, as they did once upon a time in the box of Pandora, to be singly taken out and used at need, should in after years as grievously misapprehend that same nature, and confidently hope to extirpate among the people of Ceylon the dearest passion of all savages, by addressing to them a drama in which a monarch, amorous and triumphant, foregoes his revenge against a rival, and a queen he is

\* Probably similar to Molière's *Medecin Malgré Lui*.

wearied of, from the impulses of paternal affection. Now, without disputing for a moment that morality inculcated in this form has much more chance of being useful to a people notoriously attached to dramatic entertainments, than a ship load of tracts and sermons, we yet venture to apply to Miss Baillie's scheme the epithets of extravagant and empirical, on many grounds. We will trouble the reader with one only. One cause of the extreme fondness among barbarians for scenic representations, is the almost insuperable difficulty they experience in considering qualities or acts abstractedly. Whether your object be to amuse or to instruct them, example will be the mode most agreeable and effective of so doing. To encourage among them certain feelings, or to deter from certain crimes, little is done by merely describing the nature and the consequences of each; but place before them an individual so feeling, so committing, and according to the coincidence of his character with their notions of vice or virtue, they may be led warmly to admire or imitate, or vehemently to detest and avoid. The power, therefore, of the dramatist over the minds of such a people is prodigious; but it is nevertheless limited in range; he can enlarge and fortify their previous notions, but he cannot change them. By annexing certain qualities and actions to an ideal personage, he can strengthen previous dispositions to love or hate, to cultivate or shun those qualities and actions; but if he run counter to popular opinion, if he paint a hero with endowments by them considered unheroic, or a villain on whose actions they do not look as criminal, his influence must nearly or entirely cease. And here we think Miss Baillie's great mistake has lain. She observes in her preface, &c. very justly, that the most effectual mode of conveying instruction to a people emerging from barbarism, is frequently that of dramatic representation; but she has failed to perceive, that a drama in opposition to their preconceived notions of morality cannot much instruct, because it cannot much excite, amuse, or please them. In a design, then, of such extreme difficulty—a design to persuade the Cingalese, by means of a play, that what they esteem a weakness is a virtue, that forgiveness is nobler than revenge—it seems more than usually requisite that the execution be as well contrived as possible. The hero, for instance, whose foregoing of the pleasures of revenge constitutes the moral of the piece, should in other respects be made dignified and interesting, according to Cingalese ideas, and endowed with all those qualities which are held virtuous in Ceylon, and England also. This has not been effected; and the bulk, moreover, of the play, is made up of calm philosophical sentiments well suited to reflective Europeans, but not at all to a nation like the Cingalese, on whom the light of civilization is just dawning. We have been thus particular in giving the reasons why we think this publication must fail of its intended effects, because all truly benevolent designs are deserving of attention, and more particularly one emanating from a lady of such very high endowments, moral and intellectual, as Miss Baillie. A very short sketch of the simple plot of The Bride will suffice. Rasinga, the king, hitherto a monogamist, resolves on a new wife, to the great annoyance, of course, of his present one, Artina, and her brother, Samarkoon, who also happens to be in love with the destined bride. He carries her off, inspired by love and sympathy for his sister, from the guards who are conducting her to Rasinga. The enraged monarch soon rescues her, and imprisons and condemns Samarkoon to death, and afterwards the queen Artina, for endeavouring to procure his escape; resists all the prayers and exhortations to mercy of one Juan de Creda, a Spanish medical missionary, but is mollified at the moment of execution, by the heroism of his little son, Samar, who insists on dying with his mother; forgives Artina, forgives Samarkoon, and gives up to him the possession of the bride. There is some little hitch in the plot, owing, we suspect, to Miss Baillie's having at first intended that Rasinga should relent, subdued by the Christian precepts of De Creda; so that while he clearly pardons from motives of paternal tenderness, he justifies the proceeding in the last scene by the

evangelical doctrine of forgiveness of injuries. Such are the incidents of a drama, which, though far, very far below the former efforts of this authoress, is yet a delightful contrast to the recent manufactures in this line, of noble and ignoble plagiarists. The following soliloquy of Samarkoon, when he first suspects the king's designs, has nature and force.

"A bride!

It cannot be!—Tho' her unveiled face  
Was of surprising beauty—O how lovely!  
Yet he bestowed on her but frigid praise,  
And still continued to repress my ardour,  
Whene'er I spoke of the fair mountain maid,  
With silent stern reserve.—Is this like love?  
It is not natural.

Ah! but it is;

It is too natural,—deep subtle nature.  
How was my idiot soul so far beguiled  
That I ne'er thought of this?

Yes, yes, he loves her!

Loves her whom I so well—so dearly love,  
That every female image but her own  
Is from my heart effaced, like curling mists  
That, rising from the vale, cling for a while  
To the tall cliff's brown breast, till the warm sun  
Dissolves them utterly.—'Tis so; even she  
Whom I have thought of, dreamt of, talked of,—ay,  
And talked to, though in absence, as a thing  
Present and conscious of my words, and living,  
Like the pure air around me, every where.

(after a pause.)

And he must have this creature of perfection!  
It shall not be, whatever else may be!  
As there is blood and manhood in this body,  
It shall not be!

And thou, my gentle sister,  
Must thy long course of wedded love and honour  
Come to such end!—Thy noble heart will break.  
When love and friendly confidence are fled,  
Thou art not form'd to sit within thy bower  
Like a dress'd idol in its carv'd alcove,  
A thing of silk and gems and cold repose;  
Thy keen but generous nature—Shall it be?  
I'll sooner to the trampling elephant  
Lay down this mortal frame, than see thee wrong'd."

Artina seeks to change the purpose which her lord entertains of bringing home a new wife. She enters with Samar and her other children. Rasinga speaks.

"Here take this seat, Artina.

Artina. No, my lord;  
I come not here to sit; I come to kneel,  
As now beseems a scorn'd forsaken wife,  
Who pleads with strong affection for her children;  
Who pleads in painful memory of love  
Which thou for many years hast lavished on her,  
Till, in the gladness of a foolish heart,  
She did believe that she was worthy of it.

Rasinga. Yes, dear Artina, thou wert worthy of it;  
Thou wert and art, and shalt be loved and honour'd  
While there is life within Rasinga's bosom.  
Why didst thou think it could be otherwise,  
Although another mate within my house  
May take her place to be with thee associated,  
As younger sister with an elder-born?  
Such union is in many houses found.

Artina. I have no skill in words, no power to reason:  
How others live I little care to know:  
But this I feel, there is no life for me,  
No love, no honour, if thy alter'd heart  
Hath put me from it for another mate.  
Oh, woe is me! these children on thy knees  
That were so oft caress'd, so dearly cherish'd,  
Must then divide thy love with younger fav'rites,  
Of younger mother born? Alas! alas!  
Small will the portion be that falls to them.

Rasinga. Nay, say not so, Artina; say not so.

Artina. I know it well. Thou thinkest now, belike,  
That thou wilt love them still; but ah! too soon  
They'll be as things who do but haunt thy house,  
Lacking another home, uncheer'd, uncared for.  
And who will heed their wants, will sooth their sorrow,  
When their poor mother moulders in the grave,  
And her vex'd spirit, in some other form,  
Is on its way to gain the dreamless sleep.  
Kneel, Samar, kneel! thy father lov'd thee first,  
In our first happy days.—Wilt thou not, boy?  
Why dost thou stand so sullen and so still?

Samar. He loves us not.

Artina. Nay, nay, but he will love us.  
Down on thy knees! up with thy clasped hands!  
Rasinga, O Rasinga! did I think  
So to implore thy pity—me and mine  
So to implore thy pity, and in vain!

[Sinks on the ground exhausted with agitation.]

Rasinga. (raising her gently in his arms.)

Dearest Artina! still most dear to me;

Thy passionate affections waste thy strength;

Let me support thee to another chamber,

More fitting for retirement and for rest.

Come also, children.—Come, my little playmates!

Samar. We're not thy playmates now.

Rasinga. What dost thou say?

Samar. Thou dost not speak and smile and sport

with us

As thou wert wont: we're not thy playmates now.

Rasinga. Thou art a fearless knave to tell me so.

[Exeunt Artina, leaning on her husband, and

the children following.]

The character of De Creda is well drawn. Our readers will admit that the following remarks are a good lesson to Britons, as well as Cingalese. Rasinga is contrasting the practice with the precepts of Christians, and animadverts on their religious discord. De Creda replies, that the important truths of Christianity are acknowledged by all sects.

"Rasinga. And what, I pray, are these acknowledged precepts

Which they but learn, it seems, to disobey?

Juan. The love of God and of that blessed Being,

Sent in his love to teach his will to men;

Imploring them their hearts to purify

From hatred, wrong, and ev'ry sensual excess,

That in a happier world when this is past,

They may enjoy true blessedness for ever.

Rasinga. Then why hold all this coil concerning that which is so plain, and excellent, and acknowledged?

Juan. Because they have, in busy restless zeal,

Rais'd to importance slight and trivial parts;

Contending for them, till they have at last

Believ'd them of more moment, even than all

The plain and lib'ral tenor of the whole.

As if we should maintain a wart or mole

To be the main distinctions of a man,

Rather than the fair brow and upright form,—

The graceful, general lineaments of nature.

Rasinga. This is indeed most strange: how hath it been?

Juan. The Scripture lay before them like the sky

With all its glorious stars, in some smooth pool

Clearly reflected, till in busy idleness,

Like children gath'ring pebbles on its brink,

Each needs must cast his mite of learning in

To try its depth, till sky, and stars, and glory,

Become one wrinkled maze of wild confusion.

But that good Scripture and its blessed author

Stand far and far apart from all this coil,

As the bright sky from the distorted surface

Of broken waters wherein it was imaged."

The two lyrical trifles in this drama are so pleasant that we regret our want of room to quote them.

#### EMBASSY TO SIAM AND COCHIN CHINA.

*Journal of an Embassy from the Governor-General of India to the Courts of Siam and Cochin China; Exhibiting a View of the Actual State of those Kingdoms.* By JOHN CRAWFORD, Esq., F.R.S. &c. late Envoy. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 600. London, 1828. Colburn.

The author of this work is one of several distinguished writers on the east, whom the existing relations between England and India have in our time enabled to instruct and amuse the world. The portion of the east to which his present work refers has for a considerable period been almost untouched by travellers, and is in itself of high interest and great importance. The countries which compose it extend at their extreme limits (including the Malay Peninsula) through twenty-three degrees of latitude and through fifteen of longitude. They include, moreover, the chief seat of the Buddhist religion, so curious and extensive a form of oriental faith, as well as a large empire\*, where the prevailing creed is the semi-atheism of China. These regions are not petty

\* Cochin China.

or frivolous objects of study, like the aborigines of New South Wales, who have ill repaid research from there being really very little to be learned among them. The Indo-Chinese nation present society under a condition, in some respects very complicated, in all very curious. They have ancient laws, voluminous literature, religions, sects, varieties of speculative opinion, arts, commerce, an historical antiquity; and Siam and Cochinchina alone contain a population of 8,000,000 of persons.

Such are a few of the salient points with regard to the countries visited by Mr. Crawfurd. Towards the close of 1821, he was sent as envoy to the two courts by our Indian government. His work contains, first, a personal narrative of the voyage and residence, and this is followed by several very important chapters, in which the author gives, as an historian and philosopher, a summary of all that he observed, and of all that is known from other sources, with respect to the kingdoms in question. We may here remark, that the study of the regions he describes is very much facilitated by the large, original, and excellent (though of course imperfect) map prefixed to the volume.

The first three chapters contain an account of the voyage as far as the roads of Siam. They include many valuable details and observations with regard to the various countries passed by the ship, and to places at which the mission landed, and especially a far more complete account of Penang than any before accessible. The fourth chapter begins the account of the intercourse with the Siamese. After a short delay they proceed up the river to Bang-hole, the present capital, which is thus described:—

"March 29.—The morning presented to us a very novel spectacle—the capital of Siam, situated on both sides of the Menam. Numerous temples of Buddha, with tall spires attached to them, frequently glittering with gilding, were conspicuous among the mean huts and hovels of the natives, throughout which were interspersed a profusion of palms, ordinary fruit-trees, and the sacred fig (*ficus religiosa*.) On each side of the river there was a row of floating habitations, resting on rafts of bamboos, moored to the shore. These appeared the neatest and best description of dwellings; they were occupied by good Chinese shops. Close to these aquatic habitations were anchored the largest description of native vessels, among which were many junks of great size, just arrived from China. The face of the river presented a busy scene, from the number of boats and canoes of every size and description which were passing to and fro. The number of these struck us as very great at the time, for we were not aware that there are few or no roads at Bang-kok, and that the river and canals form the common highways, not only for goods, but for passengers of every description. Many of the boats were shops containing earthenware, *blachang*\*, dried fish, and fresh pork. Venders of these several commodities were hawking and crying them as in an European town. Among those who plied on the river, there was a large proportion of women, and of the priests of Buddha; the latter readily distinguished by their shaved and bare heads, and their yellow vestments. This was the hour in which they were accustomed to go in quest of alms, which accounted for the great number of them which we saw."

After some petty exhibition of Siamese absurdity, we find, under the date of April 1, the following significant passage:—

"The presents for the king were landed this morning, at the particular request of the court. The pretext for this was to afford an opportunity of examining and registering them before they were presented at the audience, but I am afraid the real motive was no other than an anxious desire to be put in immediate possession. A trifling circumstance, which took place in delivering them, afforded a singular example of indelicacy on the part of the officers of the Siamese government. Among a great many pieces of British muslin, which constituted an article

"\* A fetid condiment in very general use in the countries beyond the Ganges, and generally composed of bruised shrimps and other small fish."

of the presents, it was alleged that there was a short delivery of four, as the numbers did not correspond with the list given in at Pak-nam. This serious defalcation was communicated to me by a formal message, and a hope expressed that the deficiency would be made up. At the same time, no notice was taken of two pieces of fine Genoa velvet, which were delivered beyond the quantity expressed in the list, although of ten times the value of the muslins! As soon as our clerk brought this last circumstance to the notice of the messengers, not another word was said about the alleged defalcation of the muslins!

"In the course of the morning, two of the court interpreters called upon us; the one a Christian and the other a Mohammedan. They dealt very freely with one another's character, and each assured us, in his turn, that the other was totally unworthy of confidence."

An interview with the eldest illegitimate son is described with spirit; but we must pass it over for the more important occurrence of the presentation to the king. This we shall quote at length.

"April 8.—The ceremony of our introduction to the king having been fixed upon for this day, we left our dwelling at half-past eight in the morning for the palace. A twelve-oared barge, with the rowers dressed in scarlet uniforms, was furnished by the court, for the conveyance of the gentlemen of the mission; another for our Indian attendants, about twenty in number; and the sepoys of the escort were conveyed in the ship's launch. It was made a particular request, that our servants, but especially the sepoys of the escort, should form part of the procession. About nine o'clock, we landed under the walls of the palace, where we found an immense concourse of people waiting to view the spectacle. The accommodation for conveying us to the palace consisted of net hammocks, suspended from poles, furnished with an embroidered carpet, and according to the custom of the country, borne by two men only. The management of these unstable vehicles was a matter of some difficulty, and our awkwardness became a subject of some amusement to the crowd. The escort, after saluting us at the landing-place, fell in and formed part of the procession. After passing the first gate, we came to a very extensive market, crowded in every part with the populace. This led directly to the second gate, where a street of Siamese soldiers, in single file, was formed to receive us. These were of a most grotesque appearance, their costume being neither Asiatic nor European, but a strange mixture of both. Their uniforms consisted of a loose jacket of coarse scarlet broadcloth, buttoned in front; a pair of small loose trowsers barely reaching to the knee; and a hat with a small round crown and broad brim, which was coated with red paint or varnish, and composed of rhinoceros hide, a substance which is sabre-proof. Their arms consisted of muskets and bayonets, coated, like their hats, with a thick red varnish. Some of the muskets were without ramrods, and altogether in a very poor state in regard to efficiency.

"At the second gateway we dismounted from our litters, and left the escort, which was not permitted to go farther. We were also compelled at this place to part with our side-arms,—no person whatever, we were told, being permitted to come armed within the immediate precincts of the royal residence. Passing through this gate, we went along an avenue having a line of sheds on both sides, under each of which was a cannon of enormous size. In this avenue also a street of Siamese military, similar to those just described, was formed to receive us. Turning a little aside from this avenue, we were conducted into an immense hall, which seemed to be not less than eighty or ninety feet long, and forty or fifty broad. This, I believe, was the principal hall of justice; but it did not seem to be much frequented, for pigeons, swallows, and sparrows had nested in the roof—and were now flying about without fear or interruption, as it is a religious maxim not to disturb them. Close to this building, ten elephants, caparisoned, were drawn out; the first we had seen since our arrival.

"Carpets were spread for us, and we were re-

quested to wait a summons into the royal presence. We were not detained above twenty minutes when the summons arrived, and we proceeded to the hall of audience. This portion of the royal inclosure was, like the rest that we had passed, filled with a crowd of people who were curious and clamorous, but not rude. A number of officers, with white wands, attended to keep off the crowd; and two officers, after the manner of heralds, preceded us. We now reached the third and last gate, which contains the principal palace, a building with a tall spire, and roofed with tin; the hall of audience, distinct from the palace; and an extensive temple of Buddha. We were here requested to take off our shoes, and to leave behind us our Indian attendants. None of our party whatever, indeed, were permitted to go beyond this spot, except the four British officers of the mission. I had previously stipulated that our interpreters, although not admitted into the presence, should be within hearing; but in the hurry of the moment they were jostled, and hindered from following. As soon as we had entered the gate, we found a band of music, consisting of not less than a hundred persons, drawn up to form a street for our reception. The instruments consisted of gongs, drums, brass flutes, and flageolets.

"Opposite to the door of the hall of audience there was an immense Chinese mirror, of many parts, which formed a screen, concealing the interior of the court from our view. We had no sooner arrived at this spot than a loud flourish of wind instruments was heard, accompanied by a wild shout or yell, which announced, as we afterwards found, the arrival of his Majesty. We passed the screen to the right side, and, as had been agreed upon, taking off our hats, made a respectful bow in the European manner. Every foot of the great hall which we had now entered was literally so crowded with prostrate courtiers, that it was difficult to move without the risk of treading upon some officer of state. Precedence is decided, upon such occasions, by relative vicinity to the throne; the princes being near the foot of it, the principal officers of government next to them, and thus in succession down to the lowest officer who is admitted into the presence. We seated ourselves a little in front of the screen, and made three obeisances to the throne, in unison with the courtiers. This obeisance consisted in raising the joined hands to the head three times, and at each touching the forehead. To have completed the Siamese obeisance, it would have been necessary to have bent the body to the ground, and touched the earth with the forehead at each prostration. I thought the place assigned to us, although not a very distinguished one, the highest it was intended to concede; but we had no sooner made our obeisances than we were requested to advance, and were finally settled about half-way towards the throne. The assigning to us the first place, and our advance afterwards to a more honourable one, was evidently an artifice of our conductors to exact a greater number of obeisances than we had pledged ourselves to make; for when we were seated the second time, the whole court made three additional obeisances, in which we were compelled to join, to avoid the imputation of rudeness.

"The hall of audience appeared a well-proportioned and spacious saloon, of about eighty feet in length, perhaps half this in breadth, and thirty feet in height. Two rows, each of ten handsome wooden pillars, formed an avenue from the door to the throne, which was situated at the upper end of the hall. The walls and ceiling were painted of a bright vermilion; the cornices of the former being gilded, and the latter thickly spangled throughout with stars in rich gilding. Between the pillars we observed several good lustres of English cut-glass. The apartment would have been altogether in good taste, but for the appearance, against the pillars, of some miserable lamps of tin-plate, which had been imported from Batavia, and which were in all likelihood prized only because they were foreign.

"The throne and its appendages occupied the whole of the upper end of the hall. The first was gilded all over, and about fifteen feet high. It had

much the shape and look of a handsome pulpit. A pair of curtains, of gold tissue upon a yellow ground, concealed the whole of the upper part of the room, except the throne; and they were intended to be drawn over this also, except when used. In front of the throne, and rising from the floor, were to be seen a number of gilded umbrellas of various sizes. These consisted of a series of canopies, decreasing in size upwards, and sometimes amounting to as many as seventeen tiers. The King, as he appeared seated on his throne, had more the appearance of a statue in a niche, than of a living being. He wore a loose gown of gold tissue, with very wide sleeves. His head was bare, for he wore neither crown nor any other ornament on it. Close to him was a gold baton or sceptre.

"The general appearance of the hall of audience, the prostrate attitude of the courtiers, the situation of the King, and the silence which prevailed, presented a very imposing spectacle, and reminded us much more of a temple crowded with votaries engaged in the performance of some solemn rite of religion, than the audience-chamber of a temporal monarch.

"The King seemed a man between fifty and sixty years of age, rather short in person, and disposed to corpulency. His features were very ordinary, and appeared to bespeak the known indolence and imbecility of his character; but upon this subject it was not easy to form any correct opinion, owing to the distance we were at from the throne, and the sort of *chiaro scuro* cast upon it, evidently for effect.

To the left of the throne we saw exhibited the portable part of the presents from the governor-general; a secretary proceeded to read a list of them; and I make no doubt they were represented as tribute or offering, although of this it was impossible to obtain proof. The letter of the governor-general was neither read nor exhibited, notwithstanding the distinct pledge which had been given to that effect.

"The words which his Siamese Majesty condescended to address to us were delivered in a grave, measured, and oracular manner. One of the first officers of state delivered them to a person of inferior rank, and this person to Ko-chai-sahak, who was behind us, and explained them in the Malay language. The questions put, as they were rendered to us, were as follows: 'The Governor-general of India (literally, in Siamese, the Lord, or Governor, of Bengal) has sent you to Siam—what is your business?' A short explanation of the objects of the mission was given in reply. 'Have you been sent with the knowledge of the King of England?' It was here explained, that from the great distance of England, the political intercourse with the distant nations of the east was commonly entrusted to the management of the Governor-general of India. 'Is the Governor-general of India brother to the King of England?' To this question it was replied, that the Governor-general of India had been the personal friend of his sovereign from early life, but that he was not his brother. The following questions were successively put:—'What difference is there in the ages of the King and Governor-general?'—'Was the Governor-general of India in good health when you left Bengal?'—'Where do you intend to go after leaving Siam?'—'Is peace your object in all the countries you mean to visit?'—'Do you intend to travel by land or water, from Sai-gun to Turan?'—'Is it your intention to visit Hué, the capital of Cochin China?' After receiving replies to these different questions, his Majesty concluded with the following sentence: 'I am glad to see an envoy here from the Governor-general of India. Whatever you have to say, communicate to the minister, Suri-wung-kosa. What we chiefly want from you are fire-arms.'

"His Majesty had no sooner pronounced these last words, than we heard a loud stroke, as if given by a wand against a piece of wainscoting; upon which the curtains on each side of the throne, moved by some concealed agency, closed upon it. This was followed by the same flourish of wind instruments, and the same wild shout which accompanied our entrance; and the courtiers, falling upon their faces to the ground, made six successive prostrations.

We made three obeisances, sitting upright, as had been agreed upon.

"As soon as the curtain was drawn upon his Majesty, the courtiers, for the first time, sat upright, and we were requested to be at our ease,—freely to look round us, and *admire the splendour and magnificence of the court*—such being nearly the words made use of by the interpreter in making this communication to us."

We should have been glad to have quoted from a long and interesting description of a Buddhist temple, but we have room for no more than the following proof that even a Siamese can show judgment in choosing the object of his idolatry. The personage to whom the first part of the passage refers is Gautama:—

"In a fourth chamber he is represented sitting on a secluded mountain. At his feet are an elephant presenting a cup of water, and an ape offering him a honeycomb from the branch of a tree. The figures of these animals are of brass, and not gilded, being, indeed, the only ones that are not so throughout the temple. The walls of this chamber contain representations of the Hindoo creation, and full-sized figures of natives of Lao, Pegue, China, Tartary, Hindustan, and Persia. The objects thus represented, we were told, were considered matters of indifference, as they were purely ornamental, and not of a religious character. There appeared, indeed, no question respecting this point; for the wall of the same chamber was also decorated with several Chinese copies of French and English prints, by no means according with the character of the building—such, for example, as the portrait of an English lady—'*la pensive Anglaise!*'"

A subsequent passage of the same description reminds us of the remark made by a great living philosopher, that devotion in a flat country naturally shows itself by the erection of spires:—

"One or more tall spires would appear to be a necessary and inseparable portion of every Siamese temple. The area which I am now describing contained no less than twenty-one—a group, consisting of one large and four small ones, being distributed at each corner of the square. Besides these, there was one remarkable spire close to one of the gateways; this measured ninety-seven feet to a side at the base, which was square, and its height was described to us to be 162 English feet. These spires are called, by the Siamese, *Prah-chadi*, and are the same which are known in Ceylon by the name of *Dagoba*."

These places of worship are, it seems, treated with about as much reverence as the chapels at the orthodox universities. Young gentlemen sometimes attend the latter without inexpressibles, and with a betting book. The Siamese are not quite so advanced, though they have reached no contemptible pitch of civilization:—

"Instead of the gravity and decorum which might have been looked for in the temple, the demeanour of the visitors was noisy, clamorous, and playful. They were at one moment prostrate before the idols, and at another engaged in some frolic, or singing an idle song. One man, for example, coolly lighted his cigar at an incense-rod which a devotee had just placed as an offering before one of the idols, and another deliberately sat down before an image and played a merry air on a flageolet, while many were engaged at the same shrine in performing their devotions.

"The women mixed in the crowd, unveiled, as indeed they always are, and were neither shy nor timid; on the contrary, there was considerable familiarity between the sexes; and our conductors, Mohammedans, hinted to us, although I cannot pretend to say with how much truth, that the temples were frequent places of assignation."

There is an interesting account of a Siamese funeral, for which we have not space. But we may extract a short anecdote of a late Siamese monarch. It is clear that the Christian clergy at Siam did not understand that they possessed the lights of that distinguished prelate, who declared that a king can do no moral wrong, or they would of course have made

the far less startling discovery, that to fly is a part of the royal prerogative:—

"Pia Metak, the adventurer of Chinese parentage, who mounted the throne of Siam upon the expulsion of the Burman invaders, was partially deranged for some years before he lost his throne and life. He had become fanatical, and entirely devoted to the priests of Gautama, to whom his charities were unbounded. In one of his religious frenzies, he took it into his head, that by still more intense devotion than he had hitherto practised, he might attain the supernatural gift of flying, and by this means be enabled to ascend direct to heaven, as if it were by a sort of short cut, or, as it was explained to me, in the easy and rapid manner in which a bird soars to the sky. He sent for the priests of Gautama, who declared the project to be quite feasible. The bishop and other Christian clergy were then sent for and asked their opinions. They had the temerity to attempt to reason his Majesty out of the delusion with which he was possessed, by explaining that flying was incompatible with the physical form of the human body. For this small piece of philosophy, and also for certain opinions offered about the same time, concerning the unlawfulness of polygamy, deemed heretical in Siam, the bishop and his clergy received each a hundred blows of the bamboo, and were banished from the kingdom."

#### IMPROVEMENTS IN LONDON—OLD AND NEW LONDON BRIDGES.

*Plans and Designs for the future Approaches to the new London Bridge. By GEORGE ALLEN, Architect. London, 1828.*

As the improvement of the present vile approaches to what will unquestionably be the finest bridge in London, must, we conceive, be a subject of interest to every inhabitant of the metropolis, whether his personal convenience may be concerned in the matter or not, we shall present our readers with a short account of the different plans, having that object in view, which are contained in Mr. Allen's pamphlet.

His plan for the Southwark side is, that the road from the bridge should be carried over Tooley Street, and continued along High Street (the width of which is to be nearly doubled), to the Town-hall, where it will join the wide part of the Borough.

By this plan, the fine old church of St. Saviour will be thrown open to view on the one side, exactly facing which, on the other, there will be a broad new street, which he proposes to make as an approach to the bridge from Tooley Street, the present approach bearing with the proposed one some resemblance to the letter Y, of which the two limbs represent the two approaches, and the shank the continuation of Tooley-street towards Bermondsey.

He further proposes to continue the line of Tooley Street, under a dry arch, towards Southwark and Blackfriars bridges, thus forming a water-side communication, like Thames Street, on the Southwark side of the river—which, we agree with him, would be of immense advantage, as, besides being a great convenience in itself, it would have the effect of draining, in some measure, the over-crowded thoroughfare of Thames Street, which is at present the only communication for either side of the river (unless by very circuitous routes) between London and Blackfriars bridges.

His next idea is to carry a street from the back of St. Saviour's church, in a straight line to Blackfriars Bridge, passing under one of the dry arches of Southwark Bridge (to which there will be a lateral ascent), and thus avoiding the circuitous direction which the water-side street will take, and affording an easy communication for carriages, &c. from London Bridge to the west end of the town. These improvements, he says, would be effected at little expense, the buildings to be removed being chiefly of a very inferior description, and a considerable quantity of waste land intervening. Of this we do not pretend to judge, but we are sure that a direct road from London Bridge westward is much wanted. The remainder of his plan consists in making a street to lead from the new approach from Tooley Street to

the Bricklayers' Arms in the Kent Road—which, besides shortening the distance, would have the good effect of diverting from the Borough all the Greenwich coaches, &c. which at present turn off at the Elephant and Castle.

On the City side, his plan is to carry a street straight from the bridge, over Thames Street, to the Bank of England, with a short cross-street to communicate with Fish-street Hill, and give a view of the Monument. On the left hand side of the bridge, as you go towards the city, is the new Fishmonger's Hall, for which he has given a sketch (borrowed somewhat, by-the-bye, from York House;) and on the right he would have a public quay for steam-packets, from which the passengers might pass to and fro, without being subjected to the danger and disgust which are inseparable from the present mode of embarkation.

Our readers will see, from our description, that Mr. Allen's plans, if put into execution, would be productive of great benefit to the public; we only fear that they are too magnificent to be ever carried into effect, though, as far as regards the carrying of the new bridge over Thames Street on the one side, and Tooley Street on the other, we do not see how any outcry, which may be raised by the adjacent house-keepers, can prevent it; as the bridge is of so great a height, that without making the approaches at an angle of something like  $45^\circ$ , (which, no doubt, they would consider an exceedingly *natural*\* angle, as their own interests are concerned,) the road must be carried over by a dry arch, in the way we have studied. We are only glad that the sapient shopkeepers of Fish Street Hill and High Street had not the wit to discover this before, which they might have done two or three years ago, when the framework was erected for the first arch, just as well as they can now, that three arches are finished; as had they got scent of it, they might have raised such a clamour, as to prevent the present noble design from being adopted, which now is impossible. If this was a manœuvre on the part of the Messrs. Rennie, we give them credit for it, as a most masterly one.

Before leaving the subject, we must notice some "hints" given by Mr. Allen, on the probable consequences of the removal of the old bridge, which appear to us to merit the serious attention of the public and the legislature, and particularly of the proprietors of low lands adjacent to the river, lest, when the old bridge shall have been removed, and they find the tide rise upon them, without any means having been taken to keep it out, they may experience the dismay of the Ninevites, on finding that "the river had turned against them." He says,—

"Upon this question, I have ever been of opinion, that immediately the ancient dam shall have been taken away, either the bed of the river must be cleared out as far up as Teddington Lock, or a new lock must be formed at the western extremity of the metropolis, towards Vauxhall Bridge or Chelsea; between which and the New London Bridge, the bottom will require to be ballasted to a depth, nearly equal to the ancient fall at the old bridge:—and if this be done, what will then become of the foundations of some of our bridges, and of most of the wharf walls along the banks of the river? It may perhaps be necessary to place a lock at, or near, Blackfriars Bridge, in order to ensure its safety, as the piers are, even at present, in such a dilapidated state, that they must, ere long, require the expenditure of a very large sum for repairs.

"Hereafter, when a north-east wind prevails, the tide not being stopped as at present, in its progress upward, by the old bridge, must lay under water the whole of Lambeth Marsh, Battersea, and a considerable extent of property in the upper parts of the river. This evil has already occurred of late years, to a very alarming extent, and a survey and levels of the heights of all the wharf walls between the river Ravensborne and Vauxhall Creek, were in consequence taken about three years since, by order of the commissioners of sewers for that district; when it

\* The angle of  $45^\circ$  is called the natural angle, because all substances, such as sand, &c., subside naturally into that angle.

was found that the embankment of the river is, at present, in many places, of insufficient height to insure the country from inundation, when an extraordinary high tide prevails.

"Since the removal of the water works at the Old London Bridge and the dams, which, after the opening of the great centre arch in 1760, were placed in the locks to accelerate the motion of the water-wheels; and more particularly, since the increased water-way which has lately been given, by the opening of two additional wide arches; the tide water in the river not only subsides more rapidly, and ebbs much lower out than formerly, but the lands on the banks of the river are more than ever exposed to be suddenly flooded at high water.

"Reasoning from these facts, which are known to every waterman and resident on the banks of the river above Chelsea, I have no doubt, that the removal of the barrier at the Old London Bridge, will occasion frequent inundation when easterly winds prevail: and that some hours before the returning flood, the upper part of the river will become so nearly dry, as to be unfit for the purposes of navigation.

"It has been urged, that the more rapid discharge of the waters of the river, will be fully compensated by the increased flow upward; but, we must not dismiss from our consideration the important circumstances, that the ebb has a duration greater by three hours than the flood; and that the upward reservoir of tide water extends, at the farthest, no higher than the Teddington Lock.

"I am therefore of opinion, that the removal of the dam at the Old London Bridge, will occasion an entire alteration in the river, and the mode of navigating it above bridge; and conceive that the bed will require to be ballasted out, and the stream eventually decreased in width and embanked, so as by giving a narrower water-way, to afford a constant supply of deep water."

He also quotes the opinion of the late John Smeaton, the constructor of the Eddystone Lights, as contained in a report to the common council, in 1767, which says, that "if we consider the navigation of the Thames above bridge, I am of opinion, that were the fall at the bridge considerably reduced, by any means whatever, the navigation of that part of the river would be materially affected. If London Bridge were therefore to be taken away, the river would become so shallow above bridge, at low water, that the navigation would be greatly impeded for hours each tide."

From all this it appears that the venerable old bridge which we have been accustomed, from our earliest recollection, to revile as one of the many nuisances bequeathed to us by our ancestors, is yet of some use, and that too in its very quality as an obstruction for which we revile it. We have even heard it suggested, that it must have been built in its present form on purpose to form a dam to keep back the water from above for the purposes of navigation; but considering that it was built in the time of William Rufus, when the navigation of the port of London was not very extensive, and when (so far as we know at least) there was no General Gascoyne to look after the shipping interest, we think this is rather improbable.

#### VENEZUELA AND COLOMBIA.

*Recollections of a Service of Three Years, during the War of Extermination in the Republics of Venezuela and Colombia.* By an Officer of the Colombian Army. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1828. Hunt and Clarke.

In our last number, we accompanied the author of these volumes through the first months of his stay in Venezuela. The narrative increases in interest as it proceeds, and, in addition to many interesting particulars of the war and of its leaders, contains descriptions scarcely inferior to Capt. Hall's, of the scenery of Colombia. We shall confine ourselves chiefly to the first, as that about which, on the whole, least is known in this country.

Shortly after being engaged in an attempt upon Cumana, which had nearly proved successful, but

was defeated by the infamous dishonesty of Urdenneta, our author received intimations, couched in no doubtful terms, from his old enemy, Brion, that his services would be no longer acceptable. Finding his attempts to obtain an explanation from the inexorable Dutchman fruitless, he submitted to the order, in company with some friends, likewise under the admiral's displeasure, and undertook an over-land journey to the capital, Angostura. The account of this distressing journey, and especially of his ascending the Cordillera of the Andes, is very striking and picturesque, and if the book contained nothing else, we should strongly recommend it. But we have marked so many other passages, that we must reluctantly abstain from quoting it. The first stage of this journey was Maturin:—

"Here General Morillo practised some of his demoniacal acts of barbarity upon the inhabitants who fell into his hands. Many of the principal families had escaped; and as it was known that they were immensely rich, and the amount of property which had fallen into his hands not answering his expectations, he supposed their wealth had been buried, as it was next to impossible that they could have taken it with them. Under this idea he caused all the domestics that could be found to be collected, and tortured in the most cruel manner, in order to make them confess what they knew of the matter, and among other means employed the following. He had all the soles of their feet literally cut off, and caused large quantities of sand to be procured from the neighbouring plain, which he had heated as hot as it could be made, and forced the wretched creatures to walk over it in their lacerated state. There were many of these victims to his brutality living at Maturin when the division entered it, who bore the indelible marks of these tortures, affording indisputable evidence as to their commission. They were chiefly women, and the kind old dame with whom I lodged, and who had formerly been a servant to the governor of the city, was one of them."

And this was the man whom the Spanish patriots were vain and childish enough to expect would be faithful to the cause of freedom in the Peninsula! It would have been melancholy, if he had not proved a deserter.

At Angostura, our author found his friend Arismendez performing the duties of vice-president to the congress. He was treated by him with the most marked kindness, and, chiefly through his influence, the dismissal of Urdenneta was decreed by the legislative body.

At this time Bolivar was in New Grenada. His expedition thither was originally disapproved by the majority of Venezuelans; all the reports which had reached the congress of his proceedings, had been unsatisfactory, and it was generally believed that the project would be ruinous to the independent cause. Arismendez determined, therefore, if possible, to obtain some intelligence of the Libertador's movements, and to inform him of the popular feelings respecting him. He proposed to our author to become the bearer of his despatches to Bolivar, at the same time kindly allowing him to exercise his own discretion about declining the service. It was immediately accepted. We will pass over the description of the journey, (though interesting,) and at once introduce our readers to the great man:—

"At the door of the apartment, which stood partly open, were two English soldiers, who were fixed there as sentinels, to prevent any unseasonable interruption upon his excellency; and Captain Mardyn having retired, I desired one of them to announce to Bolivar the arrival of a British officer with despatches from the Venezuelan congress. He did so, and returned with an order for my immediate entrance. I went into the room, which was large, but dirty, and scantily provided with furniture. At the further end sat Colonel O'Leary, then one of his excellency's secretaries, on the ground, with a small writing-desk in his lap, writing despatches of a military nature, at the dictation of Bolivar, who, at the other end of the room, was sitting on the edge of a large South American cot slung from the ceiling. To avoid the inconvenience of the heat, he was quite

unencumbered with apparel or covering of any description, and was swinging himself violently by means of a coquita rope, attached to a hook driven into the opposite wall for the purpose. Thus curiously situated, he alternately dictated to O'Leary and whistled a French republican tune, to which he beat time by knocking his feet laterally. Seeing him so circumstanced and employed, I was about to retire, imagining that the soldier had mistaken the order given him; when his excellency called to me in very good English to enter, and desired me to be seated if I could find any thing to sit upon, which was not an easy matter; but looking round the room, I espied an old portmanteau, upon which I sat till he was disengaged. He immediately desired one of the soldiers to procure me some coffee and cigars; and while he was gone for them, asked my name, country, and rank in the patriot service. I stated them to him, and he desired to know if I was not the person he had heard Captain Mardyn speak of, as commander of the vessel in which the latter had arrived at Margarita. I replied in the affirmative, when he instantly sprang from the cot and proceeded to embrace me, according to the custom of the country, by inclosing me in his arms and kissing my cheek. Such a proof of regard not being very congenial with my feelings, more particularly when offered by a person in a total state of nudity, I declined it in no very gentle manner; upon which he looked as if somewhat displeased, and turned towards his secretary with evident marks of astonishment. The colonel, who entered into my feelings at once, represented to him that such a custom was foreign to his countrymen, and hoped, therefore, that he would pardon the ungentle repulse I had given him. His excellency smiled, and extended to me his hand with an air of the warmest cordiality, which mark of condescension I respectfully acknowledged, and he returned to his cot to finish the despatches, while I smoked a cigar."

This was a singular enough commencement of an acquaintance, certainly. The same day our author dined with the Libertador, and the following is the result of the impression which the two interviews left on his mind:—

"I retired, certainly not without some feelings of disappointment, as regarded his excellency, which were, no doubt, occasioned by the glowing representations I had been accustomed to hear made respecting him by his friends in Venezuela. By them every action of his life, however trivial—his manners, person, conversation, and all that he ever did or said, were so highly coloured, that I naturally expected to meet with something very far above mediocrity. Assurances had indeed been given me by Arismendez, that I should find them too powerfully depicted when I saw him, but these I had ascribed to the prejudices which a man accustomed to a life of hardship and privation from his infancy is apt to imbibe against the elegancies of easy times. In person the president is about five feet seven inches in height; but his body and its appendages are so disproportioned, that instead of commanding respect, he would, perhaps, if seen in the common sphere of domestic life, more naturally excite risibility. His head is exceedingly large, with a profusion of coarse curling very dark hair; and his features, which are rough and manly, were then greatly obscured by a superabundance of whiskers. His eyes are full and dark, and when directed straight forward, piercing; but they are more frequently employed in side-long glances at the persons he is conversing with, or those he is surrounded by, and he seldom looks directly at even inanimate objects, turning his head on one side like a hare. From his shoulders to his waist his frame is in good proportion to his height, but his legs are excessively thin and shapeless, and his hips narrow; and the inequality of the former to the support of his body is, upon most occasions, made the more conspicuous by his wearing very tight scarlet pantaloons, profusely decorated with gold lace, and large dragoon boots, which are scarcely half filled. His conversation, too, was not equal to what I had been prepared to expect; and his condescension in rendering himself the promoter and applauder of ob-

scene jests, was inconsistent with the idea I had formed of his character. Upon the whole, therefore, the impression made upon me by my first introduction to this distinguished individual was attended with very considerable feelings of disappointment."

We are not entirely satisfied with the author's way of speaking about this extraordinary man. There is an air of studied mystery in his manner wherever he mentions him, which seems to convey a more unfavourable feeling of his character than the mere words express. He dwells with an appearance of satisfaction upon various traits of irresolution, weakness, and even direct meanness, which he imputes to the man whom we have been accustomed to consider a demi-god. Vanity, we fear, it must be admitted, is Bolivar's besetting sin, and in the leader of a public cause, what crime is worse than vanity? If our author speaks truth, it has made Bolivar himself the prey of the basest flatterers, and has often brought the existence of the Colombian republic into peril.

After reflecting upon the contents of Arismendez's despatches, Bolivar suddenly determined to return with our author's party. On this journey the president's life was twice in imminent danger. The first occasion, in the town Garjos, is thus described:—

"We had retired to our repose, after an evening spent most agreeably with the alcalde, who was a man of enlarged mind and liberal opinions, in the only two rooms vacant in the house; his excellency and myself, by his desire, in one, and Colonel O'Leary and the lieutenant in the other. The Indians had been left to sleep near the canoe, which is their common practice, and we were therefore left entirely without any guard. After midnight the Spaniards entered the town, and demanded of the principal inhabitants the person of Bolivar. They went to the Alcalde amongst the rest, who persisted in denying all knowledge of his being in the town, but refused to open his doors, and submit his house to a search. The enemy finding they were likely to lose the object of their pursuit, fixed upon the most effectual method of dislodging him. They at once set fire to the town, and stationed themselves at the streets leading from it, to prevent his egress. The houses being chiefly composed of wood, were not slow in consuming, and the fire communicated itself rapidly to the house we were in. His excellency slept in his cot, which had been brought up from the canoe and slung for him, and I was enjoying a sound nap in a bed prepared for me, when I was awoken by a loud and continued rapping at the door. I opened it, and found a female servant sent by the Alcalde to apprise us of the danger, and to give us a disguise each, to assist in our escape. She had previously been to the chamber occupied by O'Leary, mistaking it for the one tenanted by Bolivar; and he, together with Pernandez, had gone out of the house.

"I vainly endeavoured to arouse his excellency to a sense of his situation. He was, from the fatigue of being in the boat, so sound asleep, as to render it a matter of doubt if I should even get him out of the house. Twenty minutes at least were taken up in the attempt; and when I had lifted him out of the cot, and had even shaken him violently, he was scarcely aware of his danger; but having a confused notion of being surrounded by the enemy, he was about to fly in the state in which he had left his bed. I stopped him, and urged the necessity of his equipping himself in the disguise the servant had provided, and of his bearing a part of the papers he had with him, and some of the dollars he had brought in bags for his use in Venezuela. I could not induce him for some time to listen to me; for while I had turned about to collect the share for him to carry, he had gone fast asleep again. The servant was too much alarmed to render much assistance, and I feared to intrust her with the papers, lest her fright should occasion the loss of them. At length, with her help, I got him dressed in the clothes of a native woman, which his figure did not ill suit, and tied a portion of what there was to carry up in a rug or counterpane, and slung it to his shoulders, and took my own share fastened up in a capote. This settled, I desired our companions to see if the way out of the house was clear; but the instant she opened the door

of the room, a volume of smoke, followed quickly by flames, burst into the room. The delay which had occurred had given time for the whole of the lower part of the building to be on fire. No other chance of escape was left but that of jumping out of the window, which we did, first throwing our burdens out, and leaping upon them, at the cost of only a few contusions. The unfortunate female, who had been the cause of our escape, broke her arm, and otherwise so injured herself, as to be unable to follow us. To carry her with our loads was impossible, and we were therefore obliged, for the sake of self-preservation, to abandon her to her fate."

Must we believe our author's assertion, that the first act of Bolivar, on arriving at the capital, was to embrace Arismendez, declaring, in the most rapturous manner, his satisfaction at his conduct; and the next, to depose him from his office?

Our author's own adventures, are many of them so singular, and his way of narrating them so pleasant, that we wish we had time and space to follow them; but he will excuse us, we are sure, for considering the account of men, of whose fame the world is full, still more attractive metal. The following anecdote of Paez is worth extracting:—

"To enumerate all the anecdotes of this extraordinary man would more than fill a volume, so numerous and romantic are the actions of his life. One of them, which is truly characteristic of his bravery and resolution in cases of emergency, and which illustrates his military character, I will relate. Bolivar was on the plains of the Apure, with his troops in a starving condition, and without the means of procuring food for his army, unless he took a circuitous march of many leagues, to which the strength of the men was incompetent, or found means to arrive at the point he wished to gain, by crossing the river Apure, on whose banks, on the opposite side, were plenty of cattle, grazing within sight of the nearly famished troops. The latter could not be accomplished, as he had no boats of any description, or timber to construct rafts; but about midway across the river was a fleet of sixty flecheras which belonged to the enemy, and were well armed and manned. Bolivar stood on the shore gazing at these in despair, and continued disconsolately parading in front of them, when Paez, who had been on the look out, rode up and inquired the cause of his disquietude. His excellency observed, 'I would give the world to have possession of the Spanish flotilla, for without it I can never cross the river, and the troops are unable to march.' 'It shall be yours in an hour,' replied Paez. 'It is impossible,' said Bolivar, 'and the men must all perish.' 'Leave that to me,' rejoined Paez, and galloped off. In a few minutes he returned, bringing up his guard of honour, consisting of three hundred lancers, selected from the main body of the Llaneros, for their proved bravery and strength, and leading them to the bank, thus briefly addressed them:—'We must have these flecheras, or die. Let those follow Tio who please.' And at the same moment, spurring his horse, dashed into the river and swam towards the flotilla. The guard followed him with their lances in their mouths, now encouraging their horses to bear up against the current by swimming by their sides and patting their necks, and then shouting to scare away the alligators, of which there were hundreds in the river, till they reached the boats, when, mounting their horses, they sprang from their backs on board them, headed by their leader, and, to the astonishment of those who beheld them from the shore, captured every one of them. To English officers it may appear inconceivable, that a body of cavalry, with no other arms than their lances, and no other mode of conveyance across a rapid river than their horses, should attack and take a fleet of gun-boats amidst shoals of alligators; but, strange as it may seem, it was actually accomplished, and there are many officers now in England who can testify to the truth of it."

This distinguished man, the author describes as every thing really great and heroic. Indeed, if we must receive his statements respecting the chief of the revolution for gospel, it is some consolation to reflect, that there are in its records the names of

Bermudez, Paez, and Montilla, men whom we may still contemplate, with unmixed admiration, as deliverers of their country, and honour to human nature.

CHANNING ON POWER AND GREATNESS.

*Thoughts on Power and Greatness, Political, Intellectual, and Moral; in Continuation of an Analysis of Napoleon Bonaparte.* By W. E. CHANNING, L. L. D. 8vo. pp. 25. Boston, U.S. London, 1828. Rainford.

THIS admirable pamphlet is, in our judgment, superior to any which has yet proceeded from the pen of its gifted author. We do not believe it will be so popular as his panegyric on Milton, or his character of Napoleon; more just and discriminating than the latter of these productions it can hardly be; but we think it is even more calculated than that was to be permanently and extensively useful.

It exhibits, even in a more extraordinary degree than his former compositions, a power which scarcely belongs to any but writers of the very first order: we mean the power of making the most universal truths bear the most marked application to the circumstances of the time and place in which he utters them. Of all gifts, this is most to be coveted by a good man, and it is only a good man who can covet, or who will ever obtain it. All other men, be they as wise and learned in their generation as they may, will either shrink from their natural dimensions to make them fit the question of the hour, or else, if they have any of "the vision and faculty divine" which enables them to perceive truth in all its comprehensiveness, will be too little concerned for the improvement of mankind ever to take the trouble of connecting it with the realities of life.

But to him, the first passion of whose soul is a love of truth, and the next a love of his fellow-creatures, to him it is given to show that truth has no need to lay aside its majesty in order to become conversant with the proudest human concerns—that it has no need to be divested of its universality, when it is brought home to individual cases—for that it is by virtue of its majesty, that it can humble itself to any circumstances, and, by virtue of its infinity, that it can enshrine itself in any dwelling-place. Almost the finest exemplification of this power is to be found in the dialogues of Plato,\* where principles as universal and eternal as the nature of man are brought to grapple with sophisms which had their birth in the peculiar constitution of a single nature and a single era, and yet never once, in the course of the conflict, lose any of that quality which makes them applicable to the circumstances of all times and countries. There is but one greater instance of this combination, and that is in the parables of Jesus Christ.

A portion of this gift, however, has been reserved for all men who have sought it in singleness of heart, and Dr. Channing's present pamphlet is, as we have said, a proof that he is a partaker of it. The noble object of it is to convince mankind of the all-important truth, that they possess within them a power—a free will—which they may indeed abandon, by submitting to the dominion of outward circumstances, but over which no circumstances, so long as they cherish it, can exercise any control. To keep alive this power within us; to use it for the education of our moral nature; this is at once the greatest prerogative and the highest duty of man. Starting from this great principle as from a centre, he proceeds, by a course of eloquent argumentation, to define the motives and the objects of all power whatever. To maintain that inward power which is the source of all virtue—this is the first duty of every individual; to induce his fellow men in like manner to exert the energies of their souls—to raise themselves above the influence of outward accidents—this is the second.

\* A writer in the last number of the Edinburgh Review (article History) says, that the chief merit of Plato is his clever use of the *argumentum ad hominem!* As this reviewer is said to be a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, we suppose he has looked into a few of the common dialogues; he would be more excusable if he had not.

These being the great principles of man's moral being, the two great crimes which are opposed to them are, on the one hand, that dereliction of our personal free will by which we become **SLAVES**; and the attempt to stifle the free-will of others, by which we become **TYRANTS**. Thus we have before us the light and the darkness—the good and the evil—the power which kills and the power which makes alive—the power which we share with the brutes and that which we share with the Creator. The following remarks on this subject are uncommonly striking:—

"That this power, which consists in force and compulsion, in the imposition on the many of the will and judgment of one or a few, is of a low order when compared with the quickening influence over others, of which we have before spoken, we need not stop to prove. But the remark is less obvious, though not less true, that it is not only inferior in kind, but in amount or degree. This may not be so easily acknowledged. He, whose will is passively obeyed by a nation, or whose creed implicitly adopted by a spreading sect, may not easily believe, that his power is exceeded, not only in kind or quality, but in extent, by him who wields only the silent, subtle influence of moral and intellectual gifts. But the superiority of moral to arbitrary sway, in this particular, is proved by its effects. Moral power is creative; arbitrary power wastes away the spirit and force of those on whom it is exerted. And is it not a mightier work to create than to destroy? A higher energy is required to quicken than to crush; to elevate than to depress; to warm and expand than to chill and contract. Any hand, even the weakest, may take away life. Another agency is required to kindle or restore it. A vulgar incendiary may destroy in an hour a magnificent structure, the labour of ages. Has he energy to be compared with the creative intellect in which this work had its origin? A fanatic of ordinary talent may send terror through a crowd; and by the craft, which is so often joined with fanaticism, may fasten on multitudes a debasing creed. Has he power to be compared with him, who rescues from darkness one only of these enslaved minds, and quickens it to think justly and nobly in relation to God, duty, and immortality? The energies of a single soul awakened, by such an influence, to the free and full use of its powers, may surpass in their progress, the intellectual activity of a whole community, enshained and debased by fanaticism or outward force. Arbitrary power, whether civil or religious, if tried by the only fair test, that is, by its effects, seems to have more affinity with weakness than strength. It enfeebles and narrows what it acts upon. Its efficiency resembles that of darkness and cold in the natural world. True power is vivifying, productive, builds up, and gives strength. We have a noble type and manifestation of it in the sun, which calls forth and diffuses motion, life, energy, and beauty. He who succeeds in chaining men's understandings and breaking their wills, may indeed number millions as his subjects. But a weak puny race are the products of his sway, and they can only reach the stature and force of men by throwing off his yoke. He who, by an intellectual and moral energy, awakens kindred energy in others, touches springs of infinite might, gives impulse to faculties to which no bounds can be prescribed, begins an action which will never end. One great and kindling thought from a retired and obscure man, may live when thrones are fallen, and the memory of those who filled them obliterated, and like an undying fire, may illuminate and quicken all future generations."

He then removes a very ordinary and vulgar objection.

"Perhaps it may be objected to the representation of virtue as consisting in self-dominion, that the scriptures speak of it as consisting in obedience to God. But these are perfectly compatible and harmonious views; for genuine obedience to God is the free choice and adoption of a law, the great principles of which our own minds approve, and our own consciences bind on us; which is not an arbitrary injunction, but an emanation and expression of the divine mind; and which is intended throughout to

give energy, dignity, and enlargement to our best powers. He, and he only, obeys God virtuously and acceptably, who reverences right, not power; who has chosen rectitude as his supreme rule; who sees and reveres in God the fulness and brightness of moral excellence, and who sees in obedience the progress and perfection of his own nature. That subjection to the Deity, which, we fear, is too common, in which the mind surrenders itself to mere power and will, is any thing but virtue. We fear that it is disloyalty to that moral principle which is ever to be revered as God's viceregent in the rational soul."

The great merit of Dr. Channing's pamphlet consists in its proclaiming the disregarded truth, that the sin of despotism is far from consisting merely in those acts of bloodshed and abomination with which its records are stained. If men only estimated the value of that which is within as highly as they do what is without, they would feel that a no less crime was committed by the conqueror, when he exerted himself to crush the free will, the living principle of men's souls, than when he sacked cities or trampled down legions. The conviction of even the last enormities being of very signal blackness is, alas! but slowly gaining ground; but we trust that when men shall *feel* oppressors to have been guilty thus far, they will feel them to be guilty much farther. They will then acknowledge that the horrors of the Russian retreat, and all the other miseries to which his countrymen fell victims through his wretched ambition, were not needed to fill up the measure of Napoleon's iniquities; that he had already committed the highest offence which man can commit, by consolidating the tyranny which had reduced the miserable wretches who underwent these sufferings to the condition of lifeless, helpless machines.

Thus far Dr. Channing has appeared to utter oracles of equal importance to all periods and all people. But our intelligent readers, especially those of them who have thought much about the condition of America, will have heard in all these admonitions an undertone of warning and encouragement to the people of his own land. There are certain false prophets who are constantly whispering into the ears of the citizens of the United States words which, if listened to, would go nigh to lull them into a fatal security. These people tell them that they have achieved all that a nation can wish or desire; that they have the blessing of free institutions, and that all they have to do is to see that these suffer no alteration and take no injury. We do not mean to assert that those who talk thus are as utterly detestable in spirit as those who laugh at the Americans, and deny that they enjoy the outward liberty of which they are undoubtedly partakers; but we believe them to be infinitely more dangerous. They would persuade the world to embrace the doctrine that good government is an end and not a means; that its virtue is not that it gives the mind a chance of freeing itself, but that it is freedom. They would destroy all individuality of character,—would make men satisfied with being comfortable as a mass, and by thus taking away all that liberty of feeling to which liberal institutions are indebted for their consistency, would bring about the destruction of the very frame of society which they so foolishly and dotingly eulogise. The signs of these evil feelings are already becoming too manifest in the United States. A belief in the efficacy of institutions to accomplish all good, combined with a lust of dominion which threatens to upset these institutions; these are dangerous signs in the American horizon. The following passage is the writing of a sound-thinking patriot. It will be laughed at by a great many persons who fancy themselves particularly wise, because they allow no influence to moral causes in bringing about political revolutions; but if he should succeed in averting the apprehended danger, Dr. Channing will have some consolation for their jokes in the feeling that he has done something to preserve the institutions which they prate about:—

"It is the distinction of republican institutions, that whilst they compel the passion for power to moderate its pretensions, and to satisfy itself with

more limited gratifications, they tend to spread it more widely through the community, and to make it a universal principle. The doors of office being opened to all, crowds burn to rush in. A thousand hands are stretched out to grasp the reins which are denied to none. Perhaps in this boasted and boasting land of liberty, not a few, if called to state the chief good of a republic, would place it in this; that every man is eligible to every office, and that the highest places of power and trust are prizes for universal competition. The superiority attributed by many to our institutions is, not that they secure the greatest freedom, but give every man a chance of ruling; not that they reduce the power of government within the narrowest limits which the safety of the state admits, but throw it into as many hands as possible. The despot's great crime is thought to be, that he keeps the delight of dominion to himself, that he makes a monopoly of it, whilst our more generous institutions, by breaking it into parcels, and inviting the multitude to scramble for it, spread this joy more widely. The result is, that political ambition infects our country, and generates a feverish restlessness and discontent, which, to the monarchist, may seem more than a balance for our forms of liberty. The spirit of intrigue, which in absolute governments is confined to courts, walks abroad through the land; and as individuals can accomplish no political purposes single handed, they band themselves into parties, ostensibly framed for public ends, but aiming only at the acquisition of power. The nominal sovereign, that is, the people, like all other sovereigns, is courted and flattered, and told that it can do wrong. Its pride is pampered, its passions inflamed, its prejudices made inveterate. Such are the processes by which other republics have been subverted, and he must be blind who cannot trace them among ourselves. We mean not to exaggerate our dangers. We rejoice to know, that the improvements of society oppose many checks to the love of power. But every wise man who sees its workings, must dread it as our chief foe.

"This passion derives strength and vehemence in our country from the common idea, that political power is the highest prize which society has to offer. We know not a more general delusion, nor is it the least dangerous. Instilled, as it is, in our youth, it gives infinite excitement to political ambition. It turns the active talent of the country to public station as the supreme good, and makes it restless, intriguing, and unprincipled. It calls out hosts of selfish competitors for the comparatively few places, and encourages a bold, unblushing pursuit of personal elevation, which a just moral sense and self respect in the community would frown upon and cover with shame. This prejudice has come down from past ages, and is one of their worst bequests. To govern others has always been thought the highest function on earth. We have a remarkable proof of the strength and pernicious influence of this persuasion, in the manner in which history has been written. Who fill the page of history? Political and military leaders, who have lived for one end, to subdue and govern their fellow beings. These occupy the foreground; and the people, the human race, dwindle into insignificance, and are almost lost behind their masters. The proper and noblest object of history is to record the vicissitudes of society, its spirit in different ages, the causes which have determined its progress and decline, and especially the manifestation and growth of its highest attributes and interests, of intelligence, of the religious principle, of moral sentiment, of the elegant and useful arts, of the triumphs of man over nature and himself. Instead of this, we have records of men in power, often weak, oftener wicked, who did little or nothing for the advancement of their age, who were in no sense its representatives, whom the accident of birth perhaps raised to influence. We have the quarrels of courtiers, the intrigues of cabinets, sieges and battles, royal births and deaths, and the secrets of a palace, that sink of lewdness and corruption. These are the staples of history. The inventions of printing, of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were too mean affairs for history to trace. She was bow-

ing before kings and warriors. She had volumes for the plots and quarrels of Leicester and Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, but not a page for Shakspeare; and if Bacon had not filled an office, she would hardly have recorded his name, in her anxiety to preserve the deeds and sayings of that Solomon of his age, James the First."

We have bestowed a rather long notice upon a short pamphlet, but for this deviation from ordinary rules, we shall make no apology. The pages of books, as has been often remarked of testimonies, should be weighed, not counted, and thus tried, we have no need to apologise for expending more time in this brochure than on some quartos of many hundred leaves. It possesses, too, another, besides its intrinsical importance. It is the work of a man who is destined, we are convinced, to exert a POWER—a prodigious power, over the minds of the inhabitants of a great continent. He has had glimpses of the deeper and more universal truths which are revealed only to those who overlook the age; and he, hitherto, has shown an admirable anxiety to make other men share in his light. A sense of the responsibility, which attaches to every one who sees further than his neighbours, seems to be strong within him; we hope he will never lose it. He has much to attempt, much to fight against, and that he will fight, and bravely and successfully fight, we feel convinced. We hope that he will never slacken in his exertions to instruct his countrymen in principles, an education which their flatterers will never give them. We hope that the indifference with which his best words may probably be listened to, will not dishearten him, and that, on the other hand, if his eloquence produce effects which the truths nakedly administered would not have produced, he will not be satisfied with *this*. We hope he will carefully avail himself of every assistance in his work, and especially that he will not conceal from his countrymen, that there are master spirits, in modern English literature, to whom he is indebted, in no small measure, for the direction his thoughts and feelings have taken, and who will do them more good than all the party reviews, and even than all the fashionable novels which they import from us in such multitudes. Above all, we hope that he will never be induced, either by a weak notion, that there can be any religious or political faction, which is not exclusive, narrow-minded, intolerant, and persecuting, or by a fancy that his chance of diffusing truth would be increased, if he occasionally employed party weapons in its service, to make any compromise with the Belial of sectarianism; but that first keeping his own mind free from all corrupt influences, he will fearlessly fulfil his vocation of proclaiming those truths which are the most distasteful to men's selfishness, and therefore the most important for them to understand and feel.

#### YOUTH.

BLEST days! when free from the world's control,  
No vulgar aim yet vexes the soul,  
When cares are light and few;  
When we are happy we ask not why,  
And 'tis bliss alike to laugh or to sigh,  
Because the heart is true.  
I've gazed, dear Rhine, on thy blue blue stream;  
So smooth, so rapid, it seemed to dream,  
Lost in its motion sweet.  
The wave that rolled by was still the same,  
As the wave that passed on ere it came,  
As silent and as fleet.  
And thus should it be with youth, I have said,  
The hour that is, the hour that has sped,  
Should be the same soft hour;  
One gentle uninterrupted time,  
Revealing many a thought sublime,  
In calm and tranquil power.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—If you are afraid of inserting these verses, on account of their obviously cockney tendency, I beg leave to suggest the substitution of "Venice" for "London," in the second stanza; of "grey" for "blue," in the first line of the fourth; and, to rhyme therewith, "Adria" for "Kew," in the se-

cond line of the same; with such other alterations for Richmond, Thames, &c. as you may deem fitting.

Ever most devoutly yours, —

P. S. I have interspersed a few rhymes in keeping with the subject.

[Our correspondent's suggestions originate in ignorance. He does not seem to be aware that Leigh, by the grace of God, king and defender of the faith, did some time ago transfer the seat of cockneyack government from London to Pisa, and that ever since that time loyal subjects have been much more remarkable for talking of "gondolas" and "wetch porridge" than of Thames barges and white bait.—  
EDITOR.]

#### THE CUTTER.

FAIR ladies, haste! in yonder bay,  
With silken streamer floating gay,  
The cutter waits; a bright array  
Of ripples crowd athwart her.  
Oh! haste aboard; be ours the toil,  
But you must lend your lightsome smile,  
To cheer our lusty oars, the while  
They pull you thro' the water.  
Oh! bid adieu this busy scene,  
Old London, with her shrouding screen  
Of smoke; and welcome bid the green  
And sunny smiles of nature;  
Bid welcome to the fresh cool air;  
And to the laughing waters fair  
Make answer all with smiles as rare  
From every glowing feature.  
As cheerly on, with steady bound,  
Careers our boat, a merry sound  
Of song, from happy creatures round,  
Shall still rise up to greet her;  
Rejoicing all, as earth rejoices,  
With gladsome looks and pleasant noises,  
But the light laugh of your silver voices  
Shall be music how much sweeter!  
By Richmond, and the waters blue  
That wash the princely shores of Kew,  
And pleasant halls of young Buckleugh,  
Our course we'll slowly steer it;  
And as we coast the sacred shore  
Where sleeps whom Collins wept of yore,  
We'll still "suspend the dashing oar,"  
To bless his gentle spirit.  
Then say the word, and we will row  
You where the limes and alders grow,  
And o'er the sparkling ripples throw  
Their fitful trembling shadow;  
And we will spread the table there,  
And fill the cup, while cooler air  
Shall breathe on us a fragrance rare  
From flowers or new-mown meadow.  
Then will we ramble pleasantly  
Under the shady greenwood tree,  
And sing the catch, and troll the glee,  
Or tell the pleasant story;  
Or from the brow of yon fair hill,  
As twilight fades, serene and still,  
Our wandering eyes shall take their fill  
Of loveliness and glory.  
And when the mirror'd moonbeams make  
The sleeping Thames a silver lake,  
Our homeward-driving prow shall break  
The stillness of its slumbers;  
And then we'll strike the Spanish lute,  
And to the air our voices suit,  
Or make the mellow-breathing flute  
Discourse its sweetest numbers.  
Oh! we will have a day of glee,  
Of joyance light and jubilee,  
As merry all as crew can be  
With sunshine, song, and laughter.  
Then haste aboard; the tide sweeps on;  
The light boat, eager to be gone,  
Dances, as she shall dance anon  
With brighter waves to waft her!

June 27th, 1828.

#### THE DESCENT OF THE NAIAD.

As, year by year, the woodman clears away,  
He bares a streamlet to the open day,  
And while the sun its shallow channel drains,  
The fainting Naiad of her fate complains.

"AGAIN he comes; again, in all his force,  
The day-god comes; hide me, ye tangled brakes!  
Ye grottos, veil me from his ardent beam!"

My stinted urn already feels his fires,  
I thirst—I faint—and, like a severed bloom  
On the parched pathway thrown, consume away.  
No more, ah ! never more, my silver stream  
Shall to the music of its murmurs flow !  
The axe has robbed the freshness of my couch,  
And felled the leafy curtains of my tent ;  
While, whirled in eddies, the autumnal drift  
Drained my scant chalice. Yet a little hour,—  
Ah ! time how fleet !—and trace of me shall cease,  
Save where the mallow droops its thirsty head,  
Or dwindling pilewort lights its stars of gold.  
And where are you, tall oaks and sycamores,  
Which spread your giant arms athwart my course,  
As though you had secured me ? Where are you,  
Willows, which drank the spirit of my stream,  
Bending in reverence to it ? At your fall,  
The Dryad shrieks through all my vales resounded,  
My wave recurrent felt it, and the Fauns  
Fled to the uplands for securer shade.  
No more, ah never more, shall early flower  
Repay your sheltering fondness with its smile,  
Or dress its beauty in my watery glass !  
Nor, in the covert of my dell, shall Spring,  
Like an over-anxious mother, wake her buds,  
Ere the due hour, by breathing kisses on them !  
For cold my path, and desolate my banks,  
The bittern mourns the umbrage of my reeds,  
The rail its oozy bed, and sere and hoar  
The spectral pollards bare their scathed heads  
To the wild howling of the winter's wind !  
No more, ah never more, shall rustic zeal  
Load my moist altars, when, at dewy eve,  
The hazles shed their odours in my lap ;  
Nor shall the muse-fed few, with careless feet,  
Retrace the mossy mazes of my font,  
Where, 'mid the fringe of pendant maidenhau,  
And all the stilly twilight of my noon,  
I sat in cool abstraction. No, nor more  
The forester's blithe note, love's secret sigh,  
May-madrigals, or distant low of herds,  
Shall greet ; nor past'ral sound, to which the heart  
Replies in echoes. Oh ! thou Sybarite sun,  
Restrain thy fires,—remit thy ardent gaze !  
Among the votaries of the Delphic shrine,  
Were there no other nymphs ? Oh ! woods and winds,  
I faint in this effulgence ! Spare, ah, spare !  
I am so young—so helpless ! and I perish !

She said, and Sirius flared his angry torch,  
While in mid heaven the intenser sun  
Shook from his tresses flame, and all was mute.  
The winds discoursed not—nor did battening flocks  
Move on the steep or green sward—Nature flagged,  
Panting with fierce insufferable heat !  
Yet once again the shrinking Naiad paused,  
And looked for pity in the fervid vault,  
Where pity was not—then to inmost cave  
Reluctant sped, with oft-reverted eye,  
Earnest to catch a last subduing glimpse  
Of rocks, and fords, and coves—familiar long—  
Shallows, and rushy nooks, and water-weeds,  
And cresses daily nourished with her tears !  
Till, loosening her sleek hair,  
Which fell around her like a misty veil,  
She closed her eyes, and sunk into the spring !

And yet she is not dead ; these are her sighs  
Which bubble up and sparkle in the pool ;  
But she again shall never wander forth  
Beyond the grotto where her urn is laid.  
The Hyades may weep a brother slain,  
Areturus wreath his halo round the moon,  
And brim the channel with remittent floods ;  
But neither minnow, dace, nor silver bleak,  
Nor summer-fly shall haunt it. She is fled,  
The freshness of her course is lost for ever !

14th March, 1826.

#### LONDON MAXIMS.

[We have received the following translation of scraps of a letter from one of our foreign correspondents.—The sentiments are put together from different parts of a long composition. We are at a loss to ascertain the quarter whence it came. 'Tis certainly not like the style of Manzoni.]

The first maxim I have to offer, friend of my body, is, that the following maxims be carefully attended to.—Next I proceed to counsel. Thus :—In walk-

ing the streets, be particular that you lose not your hat. Petty thefts are very frequent ; but though you mind not many things, you will ill afford to go bare-headed.

If you hear a voice exclaiming, "Oh, leave the gay and festive scene,"—don't attend to it for a moment ; neither believe the old heavy-dragoon minstrel, who is swearing that "he'd be a butterfly." There is a good deal of treachery in these fellows.

Having lost your way, never ask to be set right. There is greater chance of your recovering it by accident than by advice.

In this free country you may stare at the king, but never look in the face of a cad or an auctioneer. The former will instantly have you conveyed to Putney or Brentford, the latter may set you down as the purchaser of a thousand bales of tobacco. I don't dislike coach travelling, but I prefer going my own road ; and as for Messrs. Christie and Robins, they may be very sagacious men, but I am the best judge both of my necessities and my means.

Avoid Regent Street, during these months, every day, from twelve to two ; and by the same token shun Piccadilly, the Strand, Oxford Street, and all others of an east and west persuasion, from two to five. When the English were in possession of Sicily, there was published a little book, explaining all the circumstances of light and shade at the different hours of the day, in the city of Palermo. Thus, you might stroll from one point to another, and pick out a road all sun or all shadow, as you pleased. It seems, that the popular feeling at present is against solar combustion, and my maxim is framed in accordance with this harmless prejudice.

Eschew all French gloves offered to you at sixpence a pair, and real India handkerchiefs sold by men leaning against gas-posts. If eccentric characters present to you small squares of printed paper,—you may decline them, as having already read the news, or apologize for not receiving the gentleman's card, on the plea of your very large and increasing acquaintance.

Towards six o'clock, p. m. the little boys who run about with play-bills mean you no harm, though they force upon you some six or eight of their commodities, whereas you are walking to the House of Lords.

If a smiling rogue comes up to you with a hint that you will lose your pocket-handkerchief, don't gratify him by packing it up in the remotest corner, but draw it a little farther out, and let it hang so till he is well out of sight. Better lose your property than be snubbed by one of these knowing cockneys.

The apples, oranges, and tartlets that are sold in sly situations, though very tempting, should not be often purchased. "Highly improved beef" is not the better for being improved, and newly-laid eggs are almost always adulterated. Some people have a fondness for cockles. I am not sure that even these are genuine as imported ; but it must be confessed that street-cookery gives them a very high relish.

In England, the one-shilling-gallery has somehow or other fallen into disrepute. If by accident you should be induced to go there, leave your coat at home ; and take in your handkerchief the orange-peel and nutshells which you mean to throw upon the people in the pit. This is a very pretty and national diversion.

Some persons parading the streets would have you believe that the only medical advice is to be had in Church Street, Soho. Others again are just as positive about Goss and Co. ; I really can give no absolute opinion as to their respective merits. The town is nearly equally divided on the matter.

If you are with a friend, be particular in abusing the architecture of the principal buildings. This shows at once the man of spirit and true taste.

Upon returning from the theatre, if one or more young women arrest your progress by declaring that you are a pretty fellow, and that she or they have taken quite a fancy to you, don't credit 'em entirely.

If you hear a cry of "mad dog !" in the street,

instantly fall flat. No dog out of his senses would then have the wit to suppose you a human being.

Don't tie a tin kettle to any animal's tail. The noise is very unpleasant, and you may be mobbed for your pains.

It is not thought proper to join in the ballads which you hear about the streets. Avoid a counter-tenor second, even though it be your favourite song.

On Sunday, take your umbrella and stick, and walk for three hours on a gravel-path called Hyde Park. You will find a great variety of the inhabitants slowly waving to and fro in the same place. Stare at every body ; and, by the help of your eyeglass, having deciphered a coronet or two, make a point of bowing profoundly to some ladies in carriages, whilst they are looking towards Park Lane. Recognise, also, some strangers on horseback ; more particularly if they are going at a full pace.

It is unusual to take a ship telescope to the opera ; perhaps you would not feel inclined to do so.

Don't drink anything in London : wine, spirits, liqueurs, porter, beer, Hodges's cordial, soda water, milk, cream, fine early purl, Charles Wright, and the water companies are all hoaxes, inventions, fabrications, and mortal poisons. Purple noses, branded criminals, hydrophobia, hydrocephalus, and hydrostatics, are the results which Londoners naturally expect, when they attempt to satisfy thirst.

Don't dance on any but the ground-floor. All the theatres and bridges, and most of the houses are falling down ; so take care, when you walk the streets, of chimneys and flying tiles.

Stop at every pump and wash your face. The London air is dirty, and your cheek has an Oxford-grey tinge in less than five minutes.

You must never awake until midday ; nor be seen for three hours afterwards. Five-sixths of the town is condemned ground, and during two thirds of the year London is quite rustic. By remembering this rule, you will find that you lessen the quantity of your duty, the duration, and the scope of it. A happy expedient such as this arises either from great national sagacity or politeness. For the present, farewell.

#### HORÆ HISPANICÆ.—No. I.

Few will deny that poets are in one sense the creation of their age, and yet it is a truth rather admitted than argued on, or used to solve a difficulty which more or less must occur to every one, who from the contemplation of individual poets raises himself to that of schools and periods. Among the successive revolutions which have been brought about in the poetical literature of almost every people, there is one which has seemingly been effected by causes altogether inadequate to such a result. We are led to admire how a few poets—more remarkable for a quick perception of beauty in the works of others, with a facility of appropriating it to themselves, than for any self-originated power,—who could embellish, rather than create, have been able to lead away men's mind from the contemplation of higher and more genial excellencies. However if the remark with which we commenced is recognised as true, sufficient predisposing causes will be found, independent of these poets, who being the first floated on the altered current, are often deemed to have changed its course. It not unfrequently occurs that conquest has brought the ruder and more warlike people in contact with another which possesses, or is accounted to possess, more perfect models ; or sometimes in the days of its self-degradation, a nation turns rebuked from the loftier moods and purer aspirations of a better age, and is prepared to welcome with open arms any who by the charms of wit and fancy will cause them to forget, or, still better, will reconcile them to, "the worthless things they are."

We need seek no farther for a satisfactory explanation of the great change in the genius of Spanish poetry, which first became perceptible in the reign of Charles the Fifth, when the redondillas and coplas de arte mayor were deserted for the sonnet and the ottava rima, and complicated metres of Italy ; and

when not alone these, the mere outward vestments of poetry, were changed, but different passions were appealed to, and different emotions sought to be excited. In Spain, external conquest went hand-in-hand with internal decay, which was now rapidly, though as yet unperceivably, proceeding. Both these were the necessary consequences of that complete destruction of liberty which followed the unsuccessful attempt of the commons, under Padilla, to set it upon a surer basis. Thenceforward that fondness for war, which, from a palling and a deficiency of the natural and healthy sources of excitement, must too often be a passion predominant in the minds of monarchs, ceased to receive a salutary check from the Cortes; and when it was in the power of a single man to wield the resources of the country at his will, they were drawn off from their thousand natural and fertilizing channels to be united in the one broad torrent of military conquest, which was necessarily doomed sooner or later to fail, like an unreplenished river. For the present, however, the arms of Charles were successfully carried into Italy, whose poets did the same ill office to Spain that Greece had before done to Rome, in saving its writers the trouble of original thinking.

We shall not err then in assuming that this revolution would equally have taken place, had Boscán and Garcilasso, the two poets to whom it is attributed, never written; else how can we suppose that they, neither one nor the other of first-rate genius,—who had no splendid faults to allure, and whose very beauties were of a retiring order, could have left such permanent traces on the literature of their country. Boscán has somewhere given an interesting account of a conversation which he held with the Venetian ambassador, Navagero, at whose suggestion he was induced to attempt the naturalization of the foreign metres, in which, however, he would scarcely have succeeded so entirely, but for the co-operation of his friend and fellow labourer, Garcilasso. The success of their innovation did not fail to excite a great hostility among the admirers of the ancient poetry, and a literary controversy quickly sprung up which was carried on with considerable spirit; at the head of their opponents appeared Christoval de Castillejo, whose opposition perhaps was not altogether disinterested, as he had acquired a remarkable facility in the metrical forms of his country, and might not have wished to commence anew the acquisition of the mechanism of his art. In the satires which he directed against the Petrarquistas, as the new sect were called, he compared their heresy to that which Luther was then introducing in religion, and in the other world brought Boscán and Garcilasso to trial before the old poets, Juan de Mena and Jorge de Manrique. Boscán pleads in a sonnet, the other in a stanza of ottava rima, but, as may be supposed, both are condemned; and if it be not an act of presumption to avow a difference of opinion with most of the Spaniards themselves, we think deservedly. Thenceforward, faintly and at distant intervals were heard the tones of the essentially national poetry of Spain, of that poetry which "lives in every people, until metrical forms, foreign models, the various and multiplying incidents of every-day life, general defection, or luxury, stifle it so, that of the poetical spirits, still more than of all others, very few find vent, while on the contrary, spirits, without poetical genius, but with talents so analogous to it, that they may serve as a substitute, frequently usurp the art."—Niebuhr's Roman History.

The poets of Spain no longer felt that they possessed a literature purely their own, in the support of which the honour of their country was implicated: they looked abroad for models, and the consciousness that they were at the best but successful imitators, that a share of any glory they might acquire, would belong to another nation, must have damped their energies, and have extinguished those national feelings which are so overflowing a fountain of inspiration, or at least of that temporary enthusiasm which often supplies its place. If we turn to the ancient ballads, the deeds of their own worthies, the exploits of the Cid, or the fabulous contest of Ron-

cesvalles, supply the constant theme. But from the days of Garcilasso, though Spain was in the very van of European politics, though it would have seemed that all things had combined to induce her poets to seek for arguments of song among the actions of their own mighty men, still they dwelt apart in their own imaginary world, and with the exception of a single writer, who, at some future period, may claim our attention, scarcely make a passing allusion to the deeds going on around them.

With these hasty remarks we have commenced a few papers to be devoted to a consideration of some of the principal poets of Spain, not, however, professing to go through them in chronological order, or to give any thing approaching an analysis of their entire works, but merely a few specimens from each, with such biographical or critical notices as may suggest themselves in our progress; and to prove at once how little we shall bind ourselves to an historic arrangement, we shall commence with Luis de Leon, who flourished in the middle of the 16th century. At an early age he took the religious vows, and entered the order of St. Augustin; his days were not permitted to pass in the undisturbed tranquillity his situation in life might seem to have promised. Having been appointed to the professorship of the Hebrew Scriptures, he excited great envy by the reputation which his talent and his erudition acquired for him, and was accused by his enemies of having translated a portion of the Bible into his native tongue. On this charge he was thrown into a dungeon by the inquisition of Valladolid, and remained in captivity for five years; at length, either his innocence was made manifest, or the malice of his enemies was satiated, and he was set at liberty. It is related, that on his restoration to the chair of his professorship, a number of his friends and admirers collected round him, when about to deliver his first lecture, anxious to hear what allusion he would make to the persecutions he had undergone. He made none, but commenced with the accustomed formula—"Heri dicebamus;" thus, as it appears to us, sublimely intimating, that all which had intervened, was by him forgotten. His poems present to us some of the most perfect specimens of the moral lyric which any language can boast. In perusing the "Noche Serena," we feel how emphatically the words of Taylor might be applied to him—"His eyes were like stars, fixed in the orbs of heaven." His "Prophecy of Tagus," though not the most strongly marked with his characteristic excellences, is, perhaps, the most celebrated of his odes. It supposes the crime, by which Roderick lost his kingdom and life, has been long since consummated; he is reclining with his victim, now reconciled to him, on the banks of Tagus, while her father, Count Julian, is leading on a Moorish host to avenge his wrongs: as it will, perhaps, suffer least from translation, we have attempted a version:—

#### THE PROPHECY OF TAGUS.

By the Tagus' golden wave,  
Roderick, far from human sight,  
In the arms of Cava, gave  
Loose to love and fond delight;  
Him the river-god address,  
Rearing his indignant crest.

"In an evil hour dost thou  
Dally in thy wanton's arms,  
Ruthless spoiler; for e'en now,  
Now I hear the war's alarms;  
Now I see where, crowned with light,  
Mars is shouting for the fight.

"From thy short liv'd hour of bliss  
Crimson tears shall follow yet,  
And from her, whose deadly kiss  
Would thy lips had never met,  
For her charms shall costly be  
To the Goth, to Spain, and thee.

"Know, thou cirlest in thine arms  
Fear and terror, shrieks and cries,  
Endless contests, fierce alarms,  
Wars, and countless agonies,  
And unsolaced death to all  
Vassals of thine iron thrall.

"Weep ye, who the furrow turn  
By the limpid Ebro's waters;  
Wail, O! Saragoza; mourn,  
Lusitania's fated daughters;  
Scatter on th' empurpled plain,  
Thy dishevelled tresses, Spain.

"Now from Cadiz' lofty walls,  
Pointing to his destined prey,  
For revenge Count Julian calls,  
And to carnage points the way;  
'Tis no wanton dallying foe,  
Monarch, that would work thy woe.

"Hark! the startled heavens rebound;  
Hark! a thousand trumpets bray;  
Afric's chieftains, at the sound,  
Thicken in their dark array;  
Lo! their banners, unconfined,  
Flaunt upon the desert wind.

"See the vaunting Arab's hands  
Shake the quivering spear on high;  
Now the battle he demands,  
Idly now he threats the sky,  
Myriads, bright with sheen and gold,  
O'er the coast their ranks unfold.

"From the nations gathered there,  
Mingled clamours grow to heaven,  
Clouds of dust along the air,  
'Gainst the sun's bright orb are driven.  
Shut from view by many a prow,  
Ocean disappears below.

"O'er the waves, each mighty ship  
Rides to these devoted shores,  
And the brawny rowers dip  
Swiftly their accordant oars.  
Where their rapid way they urge,  
Kindling mark the furrowed surge.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"Up, Don Roderick, and away;  
Over plain and mountain speed;  
Armed for strife, thy troops array,  
Plunge the rowels in thy steed.  
Spare not, pity not, but like  
Winged lightning swiftly strike.

"What, alas! of toils await  
All that wield the gleaming sword;  
Toil, and wounds, and early fate,  
To the vassal and his lord;  
For the warrior, serf, and steed  
In the strife must jointly bleed.

"Thou too, Betis, deeply dyed  
With thine own and stranger's blood,  
Angrily shalt roll thy tide;  
And beneath thy curdling flood  
Many a shield and dented helm,  
Many a captain bold shall whelm.

"Five returning days the sun  
Shall an equal carnage see;  
When the sixth its course has run,  
Fated land, I weep for thee.  
Thine shall be unceasing pains,  
Thine despair and Moorish chains."

In the last stanza it will be seen that the poet has departed from the generally received tradition, that the battle of Xeres raged for seven days with no decisive results, and that it was not till the eighth that it turned against Roderick.

Luis de Leon's sonnets are not good: they are indifferent imitations of Petrarch. We shall conclude this article with one which is perhaps the best.

#### SONNET.

When never to my tearful sight appears  
The star that lured me o'er the treacherous tide,  
Sailless and compassless my bark I guide  
O'er a salt sea of bitterness and tears.  
Absence, desire, alternate hopes and fears,  
Despair, dark phantasies, and humbled pride,  
All bid my skiff mid angry billows ride,  
Now downward sink, now kiss the starry spheres.

Thro' the hoarse storm methinks a voice I hear—  
"Despond not thus—has she not sworn, until  
Were wearied any but a lover's ear?"  
Aye but 'twas woman swore—the tempest's will  
Has scattered half her vows; no port is nigh.  
On the dark wave unknelled, unconfined I must lie.

## GROS JEAN.

## STORY OF HIS ESCAPE FROM A PRISON SHIP.

**GROS JEAN** is a large round pompous fellow, sufficiently known to many of my countrymen who frequent Meurice's Hotel at Paris. Indeed he is to be found elsewhere, for no dependent had ever so much free-will. In the strongest current of business, in the very centre of the crowd, there is Monsieur Jean, plying his trade with a never-failing steadiness of face and profuseness of tongue. He piques himself upon an adaptation to all visitors, tempers, climates, and wishes. He wishes to be the "*factotum della città*."

When I attempted, some time ago, to distinguish the tribe of *valets de place* into two classes, *Gros Jean* was intended for the frontispiece and illustration of the second. His portraiture was not drawn; but it did not deserve this neglect. He was verily the most perfect of his kind, perhaps too perfect, for he possessed some faculties of supererogation, some unprofessional merits that would have tempted me to forget the strict light in which I was to have viewed him. Happily he is now remembered not as a *valet de place*, not as a bad guide, a forgetful messenger, a faulty but honest fool—he is recalled for his amusing gossip, his personal story.

Some will think that the tenor of such a life would be too equably peaceful for this purpose. But I fancy that the memoirs of any one of the whole fraternity would suffice to establish an opposite belief. The date of their existence cannot be traced back above a dozen years, and the very circumstance of a recourse then had to this new vocation, infers a previous instability and fickleness highly favourable for biography. I will not deny to *Gros Jean* a certain imaginative power, and a pictorial strength in arranging the colours of his story, that almost redeem it from being true. Perhaps an imperfect use of the language; perhaps an accidental assumption of another man's adventures for his own; perhaps a strong taste for literature and appropriation of written achievements; perhaps only a desire to amuse, led him on from the broadest to the most minute probabilities in these reminiscences. But he was self-deceived if he erred, or his countenance lied. From the many tales of fight and flight that, in common with most of Bonaparte's soldiers, he was justified in narrating, I can now select one that appears not only more veracious but also more original than the rest. It will be enough to say, by way of preface, that my hero was the son of a miller near Cologne; that he had been early in life impressed into the army, and had served under the emperor in different countries, whence he drew that great qualification for his present employment, a knowledge of continental languages. He was still a youth when, serving in the southern or Andalusian army of Marshal Soult, he was taken prisoner, in an unsuccessful encounter with a Spanish detachment. With many other partners of his misfortune he was conveyed on board a hulk then used as a prison-ship, and lying in the Bay of Cadiz. Here he languished in the inaction of all others the most galling to a young soldier. Cut off from all communication with his country and the troops under whose banners he had served, bitter must have been the feelings with which he could contemplate the smiling scene around him. That white sunny town spread out on the flat shore with its well marked fortifications and lofty spires, what recollections did it suggest of the obstinate repulse so long and so successfully given to Mortier and his besiegers! Those villages retiring along the coast, or peeping from the woods and eminences in the back-ground,—they were the homes of his conquerors, now peacefully engaged in their country duties without a thought of compassion for the wretched prisoner. Behind the frowning hills there might still be heard the clarion of war, and his companions in arms were, perhaps, stirring the secret echoes with the shout of a victory in which he could not participate, or the cry of defeat which his aid had not prevented.

Such were the reflections that might have throbbed the bosom of a young and ardent warrior. It is

impossible to say whether our friend *Gros Jean* pondered or wondered very much on the subject. He was clearly in a very disagreeable state, but his ideas in all probability were tinged with but a tiny share of sentiment. The eternal bells of St. Antonio, heard over the quiet water, must have moved the religious yearnings of a good Catholic; and the fish or fruit boats gliding at a suspicious distance by his convict-ship perhaps suggested the existence of a better *cuisine*, than that which furnished him and his fellows with their rations. But *Gros Jean* was presently spurred by a sharper provocation.

The numbers confined in a small space, the poverty of their food, want of exercise, and faint-heartedness, combined to impair the health of the prisoners on board *La Santissima Trinidadada*. For some time the supplies had been irregular and unwholesome; and disease having once found its way into their circle, promised not to retreat without accomplishing a complete round of it. Many of his comrades fell victims to this horrible pestilence. They were launched into the waves without a syllable of holy prayer for the repose of their souls. Slowly but certainly the foot of Disease could be marked advancing, and treading down their ranks as it went. The sickly survivors spread a tainted atmosphere around them, and health was noxious for its insecurity.

*Jean* could not witness such a scene as this without new feelings of abhorrence for his present thrall-dom. He was in a den of lions, and every thought was a fear. He longed, with sharpened desire, for a free and pure air, for communion with the happy, for a natural course of occupation, and for the hopes and the pleasures, and the careless emotions of an unfettered spirit. What escape had he? What miracle could interpose between him and his destiny? His mind was constantly busied with projects of flight; but even flight, if successful in the first instance, would only subject him ultimately to new perils and penalties as a deserter. But a remote danger was preferred to the sure and impending one. As a preliminary measure, he contrived, by general questions, to learn from one of the ship's crew the particular time of high tide, and planning accordingly, he determined on what day to attempt his escape. At by-times he was occupied in preparing his costume, so as to carry off with him his more useful goods, without impeding his limbs in the service for which they would be soon required. The interior of a light regimental waistcoat was lined with a small stock of dollars; the facings and buttons were removed; the trowsers, unfortunately, bearing the colour of his uniform, were fastened round his waist by a stout handkerchief, in which he concealed one or two articles of common use. The night came, the crew had retired to rest; the indolent watch themselves inattentive to what was passing around them, were trolling a sea-ditty and reveling in the fumes of their tobacco. Without noise he slung himself from the forecastle of the vessel, disengaged his body from the rope by which he clung, and was immediately cleaving the still waters towards the lights of the mole. His departure was not observed.

He had not proceeded far, when he discovered, to his dismay and anguish, that the seaman's information, with respect to the tide, had been accidentally or wilfully false. In spite of his strongest exertions he was carried, by the force of the swell, further and further from the direct line of progress. The lights glimmered as distantly as ever, though he regarded them each minute from a new point of view. His strength was momently diminished, and despair weakened him even more than fatigue. With less and less success he plunged, as he went on, in the direction of that beacon; his body followed not the bold track struck out by his assiduous arm. Desponding he lay, at last, on the surface of the water, carried he cared not whither, in a state almost of torpor.

From this he was aroused by a small twinkling ray that came across his face, from seaward, and the approaching sound of a mariner's hymn at intervals, carried by the breeze towards shore. Presently he

was within hail of a small fishing-boat, that neared him, and answered his challenge in accents more friendly than he had heard for months. He prayed to be taken up, as a man on the brink of death, and he was listened to with no churlish apathy. The boat came beside him, and he soon stood on the little deck, dripping and exhausted, in the midst of the enemies of his country.

It required greater patriotism than that possessed by *Gros Jean*, to retain any strong sense of allegiance, just at that precise moment, to the cause that had so nearly ruined him. He forswore all his military prejudices, all thoughts of valiant consistency, and by a bribe, nimbly offered, and sagaciously accepted, he engaged the fisherman's good offices in his behalf.

The next morning he was landed in some unequivocal garments, furnished by his benefactor, and being a ready-witted man, was hired by a captain of cavalry, as superintendent of his stables, just two hours before the report of his being missing came to head-quarters, from *La Santissima Trinidadada*.

He was never recognised; but fought for the Spaniards and their allies with the disinterested gallantry of a born loyalist.

## CHRONICLE OF THE WEEK.

*Thames Tunnel*—We are glad to see that at the meeting held last Saturday, at the Freemasons' Tavern, more interest was shown for this undertaking than has hitherto been displayed. We understand that the subscriptions for debentures already amount to more than £9000, and we sincerely hope that the example of the Dukes of Wellington, Cambridge, Somerset, and Northumberland, and the many other noblemen and gentlemen who have given it their assistance, will be generally followed by the public.

*Parliamentary Parallels*.—In the proceedings of the Court of Common Council, on Tuesday, we have the following rich morsel:—A Mr. Clarke, (who appears to be the Joseph Hume of the civic house of representatives,) moved, “That there be laid before the court a detailed account of the number of dinners and entertainments paid out of the funds of the corporation, for the use of the city lands and other committees; together with an account of the wines drunk and dishes supplied to the tables of each, distinguishing cabbages from cauliflowers, and scarlet runners from French beans; the names of the persons of the committees who dined, and of the visitors who gave their company upon each occasion; and the total quantity of eatables and drinkables consumed on each day.” Of course the motion was unanimously scouted.

*A fripon, fripon et demi*.—We have rarely seen a more amusing contrast than between the letters of the Rev. Mr. Cunningham and Sir James Scarlett, which have somehow or other found their way into the newspapers. Both are admirably illustrative of the habits of mind which now and then are nourished in the learned professions. The reverend aggressor seems to be one of those persons whose taste for spying out occasions of reproof, such as the present, makes his motives in improving them, to say the least, questionable. But the lawyer's answer—how completely characteristic! On receiving this grave epistle, had it come into his hands in the shape of a brief in some religious or moral prosecution, he would have forthwith committed it to respectful remembrance, in order to rehearse it with oily glibness on the day of trial, enhanced, no doubt,

“For truths divine come mended from that tongue,” with many sentences of awful esteem for the moral censorship of the clergy, and so forth; but thus extra professionally tendered, he cannot think what to make of it. Then with what exquisite delight he brings in to play his legal arts of equivocation, in an amateur warfare with that which, on all fitting occasions, he would maintain as part and parcel of the law of England! We know nothing of the merits of the case; but when we hear a lawyer crying down hypocrisy and cant, we are pretty sure that, besides

the novelty and amusement of thus depreciating the virtues of his learned fraternity, he must be pleading in defence of some enormous private licence, where-with he sweetens his public regimen of solemn plausibilities.

**PETITIONS.**—*Free Trade.*—To look over the petitions that are daily presented to the House of Commons is really an amusing task. We find the glovers of Woodstock praying for protection to the glove trade; the butter dealers of Ireland deprecating any alteration in the butter laws; and the operative weavers of Coventry holding in abhorrence all foreign manufactures. Mr. Fyler, on presenting the Coventry petition, observed, “that the measures of free trade had increased labour and diminished wages.” In my ignorance, I had before supposed that where there was an increase of labour there must be an increase in the demand for labour, and consequently an increase of wages. I find I have been mistaken. But the opposers of free trade, the Idoloclasts, as the Standard hath it, (at the head of whom, by the by, it has placed our present premier; according to the same authority, a second Bacon,) have a tortuous mode of reasoning, a logic peculiar to themselves; they have always at hand a few small facts, to which they adhere with weazole-like tenacity: of these they are very ostentatious; they are used on all occasions; they serve to confute the innovating theorists, and besides, prove to a demonstration, that what is, is best. I would these gentlemen would publish their system of logic; it is a desideratum in English literature. Mr. Fyler is, however, good, not only as a logician; there are other points of his short speech worthy of notice. He observed that certain ruin was only to be warded off by the desperate exertions of skill and industry. Kind-hearted philanthropist! legislator worthy of Brahman! you would have the labourer plod on in the same dull course; you would not oblige him to exert any ingenuity; and you will be satisfied with the least possible industry. You have learned at school, probably from your writing-master, that virtue is its own reward; and now, by a power of induction almost unparalleled, you conclude that so is also intelligence. You will therefore put a premium on indolence and stupidity. Of how large a portion of mankind, Mr. Fyler, are you the champion?

**Slaves.**—The petitions against the slave system are numerous. Now, as much as any man, in whatever shape it may appear, do we, from our very hearts, abhor slavery; but we abhor the system in our West Indies, not because the slaves there are a poor and a persecuted race, but because it shackles all the energies of man; it is a weight on him which no personal comforts can counterbalance; it roots away all his energies, destroys all his moral feelings, and leaves him at the best, a well-fed and laughing animal. There is more than a nominal difference between those who petition upon this ground, and those who advocate the same cause upon any other. The very same motives which induce us to desire the removal of the West India tyranny, make us doubly and trebly anxious for that education and improvement which would emancipate the white slaves that cross us every day in our path. On the contrary, the large majority of Englishmen and Englishwomen, who patronize benevolent undertakings as a matter of fashion or of fact, because the public admires them for it, or because their sect admires them for it, never discover the slightest relationship between these questions. If they did find out that they were pledged by their distant objects of philanthropy to exert themselves for the “shocking creatures” that offend their eyes at home, we fear there would be much less zeal against slave labour in the West, and widow-burning in the East. At present, the performance of one duty is an admirable excuse for deficiency in a more imperative one: the man who signs his name to one of these petitions, can, with a good conscience, laugh at infant schools, and call the Society for Useful Knowledge “a dangerous experiment.”

*Robert Taylor.*—On a petition from Robert Taylor, confined for blasphemy, a member, (Mr. Leslie

Foster,) in answer to something said in favour of Mr. Taylor's petition, observed that “Mr. Taylor had been punished for interfering with the religious opinions of the people, and not for entertaining his own opinions on religious matters. Mr. Taylor was not a Deist, but an Atheist, who gloried in having no religion, and in denying the truth of all revealed religion. As long as Christianity continued to be part and parcel of the law of the land, he hoped magistrates would be found ready to preserve it from all such indecent violations.” This really is too bad. Utterly absurd as are the opinions of Mr. Taylor, why not suffer, as Mr. Peel hinted, the extreme folly of his doctrines to be their own antidote. Perhaps Mr. Foster is not aware that *his* is just the argument of pagan Rome; that reasoning such as *his* justified the death of all the martyrs; *his* liberty of conscience is one to which your inquisitor himself has not the smallest objection—“Hold your own opinions; but take care, do not make them public.” Could it be believed that in this enlightened age, among a *soi-disant enlightened* people, such arguments as these should not only pass current, but meet with applause; nay more, that these bigoted opinions should have compelled a man of good sense and great liberality to explain away a just and proper sentiment; but who dare stand against the *idol* of the day? To designate Mr. Taylor as an Atheist is unjust; he styles himself a Deist: I believe he is merely a coxcomb, to whom persecution has given dignity. Had he never been meddled with, he had never been heard of; but 'tis our policy.

*The Vauxhall Fête.*—The Morning Post has discovered that “we may conscientiously claim superiority over all the nations of the earth, in the virtuous cause of humanity and benevolence,” and this because “the flower of English royalty and nobility were the patrons and patronesses” of the late Vauxhall Fête for the benefit of the Spanish refugees. Really there is a great deal more truth in that book of Pillet's, *L'Angleterre vûe à Londres*, than people will readily admit. His remarks on the charities of England and the charitable disposition of Englishmen, (our readers will recollect them,) apply rather more strongly than we like to the Vauxhall Fête. The aristocracy of England are very desirous of seeing the Vauxhall Gardens, but not at all desirous of coming in close contact with those who are not of *the class*. Now if they would see Vauxhall, they must, on ordinary nights, jostle with the crowd; this would be unpleasant. What is to be done? “Oh! let there be some night set apart for us; raise the tickets to a guinea; that will almost necessarily ensure a select party!” So hints some scion of fashion. My lady duchess approves of the proposal; but my lady duchess has a decent regard for the solemn plausibilities of society; she is well aware that such a course would not be approved of by the *British public*. “It must be some charity, then,” cries my lady duchess. “Suppose we say the Spanish Refugees? that will be popular; the proprietors of the gardens will offer them for the night; and I am sure that Pasta, Sontag, Schutz, Brambilla; &c. will lend us their aid. Come, I will put my name down as a lady patroness.” “Nothing can be better; my lady duchess is so charitable.” All are anxious to become patrons and patronesses; the name, and perhaps twenty guineas—and then it is a mark of rank and fashion. Besides, to be placarded over the whole town; to have the fame of one's generosity spread through half the country! Psha!—’tis worth, at the very least, twenty guineas! Well, as was expected, Pasta, Sontag, Schutz, Brambilla, &c. &c. tender their gratuitous services, the only services that are really valuable: *they*, too, are placarded, but their names are huddled together, printed in a smaller type; and in the account of the fête, they are merely noticed, as a matter of course, while the English aristocracy, and, by reflection, the English nation, are lauded to the very heavens for humanity and benevolence. The real fact is, that all that there is of humanity and benevolence, is in the foreigners (I except the proprietors of the gardens), and they are only spoken of as having tendered their services for the occasion.

#### MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCESS DE LAMBALLE.

*Notes on the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe.* [THOUGH some time has elapsed since the publication of the Memoirs of Madame de Lamballe, we think no apology necessary for presenting to our readers the remarks of an esteemed correspondent upon that publication, who is intimately acquainted with the history of that period.]

I believe the publication which has appeared in French and in English under the title of *Memoirs of the Princess of Lamballe*, has been generally considered as genuine; at least I have met with no criticisms that implied a doubt of its authenticity. But though I read the book with a strong prepossession in its favour, I must own that there are passages which have led me to give no great credit to it. In the 12th chapter, vol. 1, p. 340, French, (I have not seen the English,) she gives an account of the procession of the opening of the States-General, 5th May, 1789, and mentions the Duke of Biron, Orleans, Lafayette, Mirabeau, and the *Mayor of Paris*, as taking part in it. Now it is certain that at time there was no mayor of Paris. The first mayor of Paris was Bailly, but he was not appointed to that office till the 14th July following. However, as Bailly was one of the most distinguished members, and soon after elected president of the National Assembly, it is possible that the princess might designate him by the office he afterwards held; but it proves, at least, that the journal was not written at the time the events took place; for at the opening of the states, there not only was not, but there never had been a mayor of Paris, so that if she had written at the time she could not have named an officer who had never been known in France; therefore, making every possible allowance, if that passage was written by the princess, it must have been after the office of mayor was instituted; (how long after it is impossible to say;) and what is called her journal was not a journal of passing events, written down at the time the events occurred. The other instance I have to mention, will not admit of any explanation like the former. In chapter 10, p. 268, Madame Lamballe mentions Lord George Conway as one who had paid court to the queen, and was assiduous at the Duchess de Polignac's parties. It is well known to those who are old enough to remember the scandal of the times, that Captain Conway, the beau Conway as he was called, was supposed to be one of the queen's favourites. This Captain Conway was the son of the then Earl of Hertford, and is now Lord George Conway, but it is impossible that Madame Lamballe should mention him by a title which he never assumed till after her death; for the earl, his father, was not made a marquis till 1793, and the princess was butchered in 1792; and it is notorious that the gentleman in question was known at Paris at that time by no other designation than that of Captain Conway. I am told, also, that the witticism about the *irresistibles* and *inexpressibles* is an old joke. But there is one anecdote which appears to me highly improbable: though this publication is called a journal, there are no dates whatever, so that we can only judge of the period of time from its connection with the events that are alluded to. Immediately before the 14th of July we are told by the princess that the queen refused to admit to her presence the Comte d'Artois and the Prince de Conti, because these princes entertained notions favourable to the popular cause; and yet, a few days after, they were obliged to emigrate to avoid the popular resentment. The princess tells us, in the month of October, that the Prince of Condé, among others, employed immense sums in the relief of the people during the scarcity, though she had told us before that he emigrated in July.

In vol. 2, p. 88, there is a very extraordinary passage; just after the king was obliged to fix his residence at Paris, after the 6th October, 1789:—“Peu de temps après cet évènement la reine me dit, en pleurant, que le roi ne doutant plus de la participation du Duc d'Orléans aux troubles de Versailles l'avait exilé à Villers Cotterets.” Now it is well known that the king could not at that time have ex-

ercised such an act of power; what would the National Assembly have said had the king presumed to send their members into exile? Besides, at that very period, instead of being sent to Villers Cotterets, Lafayette persuaded or bullied him to go to England. The journalist goes on, "O, princesse (ajouta Marie Antoinette) il fallait faire tomber la tête du Duc d'Orléans ou lui pardonner tous ses crimes." So far from the king having the power to cut off the duke's head, he had enough to do to keep his own on. This speech of the beautiful queen is rather in the style of the Poissardes. In the very plenitude of their power the most arbitrary kings of France did not cut off the heads of the princes of the blood with so little ceremony, much less when they were prisoners in their own palace. She goes on:—"Pourquoi le roi ne m'a-t-il pas consulté avant de faire une démarche de cette importance?" If there is any truth in this latter part, it shows the undue influence of the queen, if she expected to be consulted on a subject in which it was the greatest presumption for her to interfere. And in a note, the lady editor says, that the duke did not lose sight of his projects during his banishment, at Villers Cotterets, where he never was exiled, at least at that period. In vol. 1, p. 140, note, "Après la mort de Burke, on consulta Fox qui fut absolument du même avis. Après M. Fox on consulta—M. Sheridan Celui-ci à la prière de la Princesse de Lamballe soumit, &c. &c." It appears clear that these consultations were by the queen and princess, and yet every body knows that Burke survived them some years, so that they could not possibly consult Fox and Sheridan after the death of Burke. Vol. 2, p. 184, speaking of 17th July, 1791, she says, "Les horreurs de cette journée ne s'effaceront jamais de mon souvenir." Now it appears that she was at that time in London, where she remained from some time before the king's flight till after the acceptance of the constitution by the king, which was communicated to her by a letter from the queen. The story which follows about Robespierre and Barnave is highly improbable. Robespierre was not then of the great consequence she represents him; we have no account of any denunciation against Barnave, who could be in no danger, as he had the majority of the Assembly; besides even Robespierre's enemies acknowledge that he was uncorrupt, and to this idea of his incorruptibility he owed his subsequent influence; venality was the only vice from which he was exempt. From p. 184, it would appear as if this account was written long after these events; and in p. 188, she writes as if she narrated what was just passed, and of the events of which she was not even certain.

In p. 108, she mentions hearing the acclamations of the people on the acceptance of the constitution, though she says, that this event was communicated to her by a letter from the queen when she was in London.

#### THE DRAMA.

##### KING'S THEATRE.

The first of these notices was by mistake left out of our last number. Being unwilling that any performance of Mademoiselle Mars should pass over without the tribute of our respect, we insert it in the present.

##### *Le Mariage de Figaro.*

When Beaumarchais ironically conceded, in his preface to the piece before us, that the age in which he was writing bore no resemblance to his portraits, although the past age had done so, and the next age would; he little thought that the succeeding generation would find much even of his phraseology obsolete; that allusions which, in his day, shot a thrill through his auditors, would now be heard with the most perfect indifference; and that the interested cry of immorality, raised by parties whom the characters of Almaviva and his Countess touched too nearly, would now be reckoned as absurd as would the proscription of a certain well-known street-exhibition on account of the infidelities of Punch and Judy.

*The Marriage of Figaro*, then, is left to depend for its present popularity upon its own intrinsic merits, upon the rapid change of its situations, and the sparkling flippancy of its dialogue. These attractions were set off last week, so far as most of the performers were concerned, by very decently indifferent acting. Leaving some of the subordinates unmentioned, we shall simply say that Armand appeared to greatly more advantage in the part of the wilful, jealous, and imperious Almaviva, than in characters where a more juvenile style of acting is desirable, that Laporte succeeded well in giving the broader strokes of humour which are scattered through the part of Figaro (we would particularise his lecture on the English language,) but that it required an artist of more refined judgment, and less spoiled by the applauses of an English audience, to give all its effect to the caustic and satirical monologue in the dark, which runs so rapidly through a chaos of *disconvenances sociales*; that Mademoiselle Delatre made a pretty page, and looked well in a cap, and that Madame Delia played the part of the Countess with dignity, grace, and feeling, betrayed a lurking sentiment for her handsome page very innocently, and withstood with the most natural air of terror imaginable her husband's resolution to inspect the closet.

But Mademoiselle Mars—the pretty *camariste* as light and youthful as if it were her "first appearance on any stage"—how describe the countless graces which she threw into a part that admitted not of marked and serious features? Exchanging mock courtesies with her antiquated rival, playfully struggling with the page, or shrinking in alarm from the sight of his perilous leap from the window—artfully encouraging her master, or mystifying her faithful Figaro, she was still the same incomparable actress; and when Almaviva salutes his countess (Madame Delia) with the ironical congratulation, "Madame, vous jouez fort bien la comédie," (a compliment neither ill deserved nor faintly echoed by the audience), and when Susanne (Mlle. Mars) puts in her word, "Et moi, Monseigneur?" the instant volleys of applause from that immense assemblage, must have been felt as one of those moments, which are sweetest in the existence of a popular favourite.

##### *La Fille d'Honneur.*

Mlle. Mars made her fourth appearance at the King's Theatre on Monday last. She sustained the part of Emma in *La Fille d'Honneur*, a five act comedy of Duval, and that of the Countess in *Le Legs*, a short piece of Marivaux.

The audience was by no means numerous; some doubt was entertained whether this most delightful actress would be sufficiently recovered to appear in public so soon after the loss of her niece Mlle. Georgina Mars. The grief, however, of the actress was of necessity compelled to give way to the interests of the director of the theatre. She performed, and although there was some little trembling in her voice, and some traces of recent suffering still discernible in her fine countenance, on no occasion since her arrival in London has she displayed greater genius than on this night. She was absolutely overwhelmed with applause, and for the first time properly supported by the performers who surrounded her. Armand, Menjaux, Mainvielle, and Laporte displayed great excellence in their respective parts throughout the performance of *La Fille d'Honneur*, whilst Mlle. Olivier, Menigaud, and Armand more especially, gave ample proof of their high comic powers in the very ordinary and foolish trifles of Marivaux. We were sorry to observe that Mlle. Delia did not appear by any means equal to the part of the Baronne in Duval's excellent play; the contrast was truly painful to those who remember the genius and originality of Mde. Leverd in the same character, at the Théâtre Français.

##### *Mr. Ebers' Benefit.*

Noble and powerful as we have always considered the opera of *Semiramide*, it was with fresh and extraordinary pleasure that we attended its representation on Thursday night. The characters were better sustained or harmonized, or the music more impres-

sively performed than on any former night. It is, indeed, one of the most masterly of Rossini's dramatic works. Without having more than the usual allotment of melodies, they are so inlaid and incorporated with the general texture, as to give the effect of a continuous song. Perhaps the care with which this end is accomplished has been detrimental to the popularity of the opera, for it has removed the gems from the surface, and spread the points of sparkling beauty over a great but brilliant extent. The dramatic talent of Madame Pasta exhibited itself in a thousand varieties and tints of expression. To content ourselves with a short citation, it will be enough to recall the different tones and feeling with which she delivered a few more prominent passages, such as the "perchè tremi e palpiti misero cor così," in the third scene; the delicious and sunny "Bel raggio lusirghier," in the ninth; the burst of thanksgiving, "Grazie v' adoro," upon reading the scroll; the hollow awfulness of "M'oppriate l'anima," and many others which displayed faculties drawn from the extremes of human power.

The *Barbiere*, cheated of its fair proportions, does not require any present comment. Signor Velluti was announced as having kindly consented to sing in the course of the evening. Fie! Signor Velluti.

#### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A new operatic melodrama, called *The Bottle Imp*, was produced here on Monday last. As the plot has already been given in most of the newspapers, we hold ourselves excused from the not very easy task of unravelling it. It was of course sufficiently devilish, or it would not deserve its name, and sufficiently absurd, or it would not be a melodramatic opera. That experienced devil, Mr. O. Smith, performed the part of the being which gives name to the piece, with great éclat. The two Misses Cawse acted, one a woeful and the other a comic part, sufficiently well, and sang better than they acted. Mr. James Vining, the debutant, performed the individual who is damned actually, and Mr. Wood another individual, who escapes damnation by a trick which deserved it. He sang with his usual ability. The chief glory of the piece was Keeley, whose admirable comic powers rescued it from the fate of its hero.

For the music, we have only to say that it did not much annoy us. We observe Mr. Rodwell's tiny step diligently following the footmarks of his master, Bishop, and could wish that he had left him to his *pas seul*, for graceful and clever as may have been many of his performances, they have not that originality which qualify the composer for becoming the founder of a school, or a model for very praiseworthy imitation.

#### ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

In spite of a furious and lengthened rain, the Hanover-square Rooms were well attended on Wednesday, during a more than usually elaborate concert, succeeded by the distribution of annual prizes. The most clever singing was exhibited in the duet of "Lasciarmi," from *Tancredi*, by Misses Bellchambers and Childe. Daniell, in a composition for the horn, by Duprat, displayed an ease and finish very rarely found in the management of so refractory an instrument. Some "grand variations" to the "Fall of Paris," by Moschelles, were executed on the piano-forte by one of his pupils, Miss Foster. The familiar subject scarcely bears the Alexandrine extension it has undergone in the composer's hands, and did not gratify us so much as a fantasia by Czerny, very cleverly played on the same instrument by Miss Dorrell. The prize composition, given as a finale to the first act, failed from want of effective vocal support; but we have too much admiration of inventive talent, to crush one effort by a scarcely authorised comment. Let us hope that the thin ranks of native composers may be recruited from the body of these Tyros; and may the successful efforts of others, like young Lucas, support the flagging honour of our countrymen.

We will not profess to know one iota about the

concluding ceremony. The scene of action was surrounded by an amphitheatre of heads, and ours could not find a place in any of the tiers. Whether they were gladiatorial or wild-beast shows in which Prince Leopold then assisted, cannot be divined. We heard something of medals and books; but it is hard to believe that so many petticoats would be seen perilously suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, in mid air—that such a commingling, and crushing, and stretching, and shrinking, and stooping, and over-topping, would be achieved for a mere sight of the pupils and their new prizes.

#### NEW MUSIC.

*When will ye think of me? a Song.* The Poetry by Mrs. HEMANS, the Music by CHARLES T. MARTIN. London. J. B. Cramer.

The very admired verses by Mrs. Hemans, are sufficient of themselves to carry much less valuable music than that of Mr. Martin into circulation and fame. There are two strophes of varied melody and arrangement, being more than the usual complement for a simple air. With a sufficient resemblance of character between the two clauses, for the necessary unity of so short a composition, there is that variety and remodification which redeem it from tautology. It is an expressive and happy piece of music.

#### LETTERS FROM THE NETHERLANDS.—No. I.

##### BRUXELLES.

On leaving England, I resolved to write a journal of my tour; not like the prosing performances of ordinary travellers, who merely keep a log book of what they see and hear, eat, drink, or think of, but a work of superior merit, containing a correct and spirited account of the objects that attracted my notice, with a luminous exposition of the reflections I made on them; exhibiting, in fact, a series of philosophical observations on men and things in foreign parts. My narrative was to commence with my departure from the custom-house stairs, and my first chapter I had naturally enough dedicated to an account of the passage. The calmness of the weather gave me no promise of any of those disagreeable occurrences which it is so pleasing to speak of when they are over; and I saw no chance of any variety of incident to render my first chapter interesting; I therefore determined to enrich it with delineations of character, and accordingly directed my attention to "the noblest study of mankind"—the observation of my fellow-passengers. A wide field was open for my labours; there were sixty persons on board; I walked up and down the deck, examining them all one after another; I scrutinized the appearance of each; his manner, his style of dress, and the expression of his countenance; I then formed my conclusions as to his character, his mode of life, his profession.

After having thus taken a general survey, I began to examine with greater accuracy two of the party, who appeared to me to form a very amusing variety of the human species. They were equipped cap-apee in a most complete travelling costume. One of them, (whom, to avoid confusion in my narrative, I shall take the liberty of calling Mr. A.) was habited in a complete suit of dust-coloured gambroon, with a grey hat, the dimensions of which, as stated by the wearer himself, were, "the crown, four inches deep; brim, four inches broad;" he likewise informed us that he had a pair of shoes of brown leather on purpose for walking in. He and his friend, (whom I beg leave to designate as Mr. B.) proposed making a pedestrian excursion in Switzerland, not hurrying or fatiguing themselves, but taking easy stages; they thought they should walk about twelve miles a day; and the brown shoes were peculiarly adapted for such an undertaking; they did not require blacking, and they also possessed some other advantages which I have had the misfortune to forget. "O ho!" thought I to myself, "there is no mistaking what these men are, at all events; what a pair of thorough Londoners; I pronounce them to

be most capital specimens of cockney travellers; they'll do for the journal." All that they said and did, coincided perfectly with the character I had fixed on for them. As we were passing before Greenwich Hospital, says B. to his friend A. with the broad brim, "Really, the water is very smooth." "Oh," says A., in reply, "I assure you, you may depend upon it, John, it will be rougher by and by; when we get out to sea, you will find the difference, take my word for it." This was far too good a thing to be thrown away; I could not resist the temptation of *trotting them out*, if it had only been for the amusement of the moment. I immediately joined their party. The conversation soon turned on the London University: B. objected to it, on the ground of its apparent neglect of Christianity, in not containing, in its original constitution at least, any provision for religious instruction, and not observing any form of religious worship. A., with the broad brim, reiterated the opinions of his friend with a most ingenious flow of words. I undertook the apology, if not the defence, of the university. I regretted that the directors had not devised some plan for opening a school, to which every sect might resort, to be instructed in what Paley beautifully styles "our common Christianity;" and, even if this were impracticable, I was surprised that they should have left themselves open to the imputation of withholding theological learning, when they might have so easily avoided the charge, merely by following the example of "the two universities," and endowing a rich professorship in divinity, without expecting the professor to do any thing further than receive the salary. And as to a form of religious worship, I thought they were much better without any thing of the sort, unless it was conducted on a better plan than either at Oxford or at Cambridge. Nothing, I thought, had a more demoralising effect upon the young men, than the system of college chapel, to be compelled to go so many times a-week to hear the church service galloped over by the chaplain, the most disreputable, in all probability, of the whole set of fellows. "That might have been the case formerly," said A., with an earnest seriousness of manner, which seemed to imply that he was personally interested in the subject, "but it is not so now, upon my word: I can assure you that the whole system has been very materially improved." While I was deliberating with myself, whether there might not be some family connection between my cockney companion in the broad brim, and some college-chaplain or other, B., after looking at me for some time, said, very quietly, "why, that was the case at your college." "Sir?" said I, surprised that a stranger should know any thing about me or my college; "That was the case," he repeated, "at the college you were at." On looking at him again, I recognised him as a man a little my senior, who had distinguished himself very much while I was at college, and had since been engaged in some of the most laborious and honourable offices of the university. I found that I had been attempting to ridicule a man that I could not but acknowledge to be entitled to my respect. So much for my sagacity! I made no more attempts at the discovery of character. The gross blunder I had committed, dissipated all the dreams of my vanity, and gave a death-blow to my journal.

We had an extraordinary storm at Bruxelles last Saturday. The weather had been for two days most oppressively hot; but about the middle of the day of Saturday, there came a black thunder-cloud and hung over the town. I was glad to see it, because I thought it would change the weather. Between one and two a hurricane suddenly arose, the most extraordinary sight I ever saw; the dust and dirt, and soil, were raised *en masse*, till the air was as thick and brown as a November fog in London; I could scarcely see the towers of a church distant not above a hundred yards. I looked over the country, and saw it completely enveloped in a cloud of dust borne violently about in every direction, with the leaves and branches of trees whisked around in the vortex, and doors, windows, sails of windmills, and every thing that was moveable, flapping to and fro.

It lasted some seconds, and was followed by a thunder-storm. I hear that in some places it hailed so violently, as to cut the corn short off, as if it had been mowed. The fruit-stalls in the fruit-market were overturned, and the old women who kept them had their petticoats turned into a balloon, and were blown to the other side of the market-place; trees have been blown down, and other mischief done.

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#### CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ OF MODERN PUBLICATIONS.

*The Administration of Justice in the British Colonies in the East Indies.* By JOHN MILLER, of Lincoln's Inn. Parbury and Allen.

WITH the exception of the subject of colonization, the topic discussed in this pamphlet is the most important connected with our eastern dominions. We are rejoiced to see that it has been taken up by a gentleman who in his former works has displayed so much liberality in recommending reforms likely to be injurious to his own professional interests. We mention the work now, because we are anxious the public should lose no time in making themselves acquainted with its contents. Next week we shall present our readers with a careful analysis and review of it.

*A Letter to the Right Honourable Robert Peel on the Supply of Water to the Metropolis.* By ROBERT MASTERS KERRESA, M. D. Butcher.

We are glad to see that the inhabitants of London are determined to keep public attention alive on this subject. The present Letter will assist, we think, in inducing Mr. Peel to alter his tone next session.

*A Catalogue of Brookes's Museum, to be sold by Auction on Monday the 14th Day of July and the Twenty-four following Days.*

We are truly sorry to see that this most valuable museum is about to be dispersed. Its contents are so well known to all members of the medical profession that a mere notice of the day of sale will be sufficient to draw them thither in crowds.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We must apologize to Sforza for the negligence of not noticing his donation to Wilmington Fleming in our last Number. It was forwarded at the beginning of last week.—His poetical communication, for which we are obliged, will be inserted speedily.

There was a slight inaccuracy in the article on the Edinburgh Review, in our last Number, which though merely a printing slip, we are anxious to correct, as it had the appearance of dishonesty. The words are thus pointed, "is merely a periphrases for Oedipus, and does not mean O big head of Oedipus." The marks of quotation in the MSS. finished at the first "Oedipus."

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock, Morning.	10 o'clock, Noon.	11 o'clock, Night.		
July 4	76	79	68	29 85	Cloudy.
5	73	77	62	...	Fair.
6	68	71	59	...	Showers.
7	66	73	63	...	Cloudy.
8	75	81	65	...	Cloudy.
9	67	64	56	...	Heavy Rain.
10	61	70	62	...	Cloudy.

**PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION:** A Selection from the German Poets, with Grammatical and Explanatory Notes.—Sacred Songs, by Mr. W. Peter.—The Subaltern's Log-Book.—The Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick.—An improved edition of Plain Advice on Wills, by Mr. Brady.

**WORKS JUST PUBLISHED:**—Armstrong's Morbid Anatomy of the Stomach, Bowels, and Liver, Parts 1 and 2, 4to. plates, 10s. 6d. plain, 2ls. coloured.—Planche's Descent of the Danube, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Salmonia, or the Days of Fly Fishing, 10s. 6d.—Butler's Outline's of Practical Education, 4s.—Equity Jurisdiction of the High Court of Chancery.—Pearson's Sermons, 8vo. 12s.—Sermons on Christianity, &c., 5s.—Transactions of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta. Vol. III. 8vo. 15s.—Correspondence of Lord Collingwood, 8vo. 16s.

WILL CLOSE NEXT SATURDAY.  
SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.** The FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION for the Sale of Works of Art by Living British Artists, will CLOSE for the SEASON, on SATURDAY, the 19th of JULY. Admittance, One Shilling—Catalogue, One Shilling.

J. CARTWRIGHT, Secretary.

Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, East.

**VENICE.**—MR. PROUT'S celebrated Picture of CAMPANILE, DUCAL PALACE, BRIDGE of SIGHs, PRISON, &c. at VENICE, Exhibited this Year at the Water Colour Exhibition (No. 21,) will be engraved in the finest line manner, by HENRY LE KEUX, Esq. to form a Companion Plate to the Temple of Jupiter, after J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A.

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As this Plate will be engraved in the most exquisite style, and with extreme delicacy, the strictest attention will be paid in delivering the Proofs and Prints precisely in the order of subscription, and the names of Subscribers are, therefore, respectfully solicited to be forwarded, without delay, to Mr. PROUT, 4, Brixton Place, Brixton; or to the Publishers, MOON, BOYS, and GRAVES, Printers to the KING, 6, Pall Mall; and F. G. MOON, 20, Threadneedle Street.

London, July, 1828.

**THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW,** Part XVIII., is published this day, containing: I. The French Revolution, Scott's Life of Napoleon. II. A Catechism of the Corn Laws. III. Scientific Education of the Upper Classes. IV. Dr. Winter's Sermon on the Repeal of the Sacramental Test. V. Life Assurances, Diminution of Sickness and Mortality. VI. National Tales of Ireland. VII. The Puffiad, a Satire. VIII. The Nervous System. IX. Mexico: Ward's Mexico in 1827; Beaufoy's Mexican Illustrations. London: BALDWIN and CRADOCK.

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CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY. This day is published, price 3s. 6d., or fine paper, price 5s. Vol. XXVI., containing

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This day were published, in one large vol. 8vo. price 12s.

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**M.** R. GEORGE ROBINS has the Pleasure to announce to the Medical World, that he has been honoured by the Instructions of Joshua Brookes, Esq. F. R. S., F. L. S., &c. &c. to SELL BY AUCTION, on Monday, the 14th of July, and Twenty-five following Days, (Sunday and Monday always excepted,) at the Theatre of Anatomy, in Blenheim Street, London,

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**INVALUABLE SPECIMEN OF THE LUXATION OF THE HEAD.**

of the Os Femoris into the Foramen Thyroideum, and from the Ligamentum Obturas becoming ossified, it is formed into a Concave Receptacle for its alien tenant.

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[Sale of Mr. Brookes's Museum, continued from p. 95.]

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